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“FROM HEAVEN, OR OF MEN?”*

THIS is the question of questions which under various forms is given to our religious times to answer, once for all, if we are able. It may be moved and handled within the soul; and the data upon which we seek to found our conclusions may be facts of the inward life, aspirations of the heart, voices of God to the heart, human weakness, and the divine strength which is made perfect in this weakness. It may come to us in such shapes as these: Is there a life of truth, love, and peace flowing into our hearts from the divine source? Does God really hear and answer prayer? Does he indeed draw near to us, as we draw near to him? Is he ready at all times to increase the quantity and quality of our being? What real and everlasting truth is there in the promise, “Ask, and ye shall receive; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you”? Is what we call religion only what we may also call the divine in man, the soaring thought of his spirit, the projection of his ideal; or does God indeed draw nigh to us, and refresh us with might by his Spirit in the inner man? There is an earnest and devout theism

* Essays on the Supernatural Origin of Christianity, with Special Reference to the Theories of Renan, Strauss, and the Tübingen School. By Rev. George P. Fisher, M.A., Professor of Church History in Yale College. New York: Charles Scribner & Co., 124, Grand Street. 1866.

which would answer all these questions very satisfactorily, and maintain, with hearty appeal to a deep and large experience, that "God is, and that he is a rewarder of all those who diligently seek him;" and so to maintain and believe is to be essentially right-minded and right-hearted. Indeed, this is religion. This is to be bound again to God; and, when men and women reach this end by whatsoever way, we are not careful to criticise their methods and instrumentalities. At all events, they have got home; and, though we may be satisfied that other guidance would have brought them on more rapidly and more surely, we will rejoice that the end of faith has been reached. Miss Cobbe, in her "Broken Lights," laments the decay of prayer amongst the Theists. If it be as she says, and she should know, it certainly is a matter for lamentation. Life has become dreary indeed, and our philosophers will hardly succeed in reconciling us to it, if there are to be no revelations to our souls of the Holy One who inhabiteth eternity, no spiritual signs and wonders, no vision of God any more by the pure in heart; if speaking to the Father is only another way of speaking to ourselves; if our prayers only go out into the air, and fall upon no listening ear of wisdom and love and pity. If only a man believes in prayer, we can wink at his heresies of one kind and another, and are satisfied that if in any thing he is wrong-minded, God will reveal this also to him; and, if he can consistently withhold his questionings and difficulties and denials, he may be a very edifying preacher, — far more so, perhaps, than many who are technically sound, and yet undeniably dry and hard and cold. "From heaven, or of men?" Let this question be pressed home with all earnestness, and urged through all the inmost recesses of the soul. Let us gain, if by any means we can, the vital and most essential persuasion of the Psalmist, "I called upon the Lord, and the Lord answered me." It is all in those few simple yet grand and awful words. Men say their prayers a lifetime, and get not a little comfort from so doing, who never verify these words, and never taste the deep joy which comes from the Real Presence. It is an experience which is cheap at any cost.

"From heaven, or of men?" As the question may be pressed within the soul, so it may be put as an inquiry to be prosecuted by the student of human history; and it is under this aspect that we wish to say a few words about it. Have there been any men of whose lives we have a record, who may fairly be said to have been intrusted with divine wisdom and love for our world; so that, if we look to them and to the influences which have proceeded from them, we may say, Here we have something from heaven, a re-enforcement of our life resources, a gift of God? It was in this sense that Jesus used these words, when he put to the cavillers about him the question, "The baptism of John, was it from heaven, or of men?" Was it superhuman, or only human? Was it supernatural, or only natural? Was it John's faithful and earnest device for the moral improvement of his world, or was it God's grace through one raised up and sent forth for a gracious end? The rulers put this question to our Lord concerning himself. He recognized the inquiry as legitimate, and promised to answer it directly, provided only they would satisfy him of their own fair-mindedness in pressing it. This they signally failed to do. They showed themselves timid, time-serving, and altogether unworthy to be called Masters in Israel. Jesus, on his part, refuses to gratify their curiosity, or to advance their cunning and malignant purpose. He left, however, this great lesson, that, if we would know the truth, even when it comes to us through history and in what we call an outward way, we must be of the truth; must be willing and eager to look at the testimonies with honest vision, not predisposed to hear only the arguments and statements of the doubters and deniers. It is a most serious and most practical question, not to be treated as a matter of merely literary significance, whether there is any mastership, doctrine, tradition, institution, fellowship, communion, which may be fairly regarded as the especial repository and channel of the divine on earth. It is of the utmost importance to ask, Are there any miracles, wonders, and signs by which we are to recognize the divine amongst men? and, if so, by whom have they been wrought? Admitted that the divine in us, when it has come of age, will

recognize the absolute and essential Divine above us and outside of us, have there been any manifestations of heaven which were fitted to arrest the attention of the world, even whilst it was dead in trespasses and sins, and therefore blind, has there been any revelation which commended itself as divine, in anticipation of the growth and manhood of the spirit, for whose better education it was given? We need not say that Christendom lives in the persuasion that we have had such a revelation. It cherishes certain books as sacred, because they are held to contain the record of such a revelation. It affirms that a line of light threads the darkness of our world, and repeats confidently the word of Jesus, "Salvation is of the Jews." Strong in this persuasion of centuries, Christendom will not shrink from any new urging of the question, "From heaven, or of men?" We shall be glad to know, that the world has made such progress that the question can be satisfactorily answered by an appeal to the internal evidence. We shall listen with the utmost interest to those who show what the gospel hath wrought in the world, and to what it hath grown from its day of small things, and who from the wonderful facts of Christian history conclude the heavenly origin of our faith. In times past, arguments drawn from the contents of the revelation, and from the work which it hath wrought, have not been enough insisted upon. Nor shall we cease to remind men, that, whether with or without the appeal to history, only the Spirit leads us into all truth, and seals upon our hearts the final conviction that the word is divine. And yet we are much concerned in these days to urge the importance of the discussion which seeks to show that the New Testament is history, and not legend; that the story of miracles is authentic; that wonders attended upon Him who was called Wonderful, and are completely interwoven with the tale of his life.

"From heaven, or of men?" The book of Prof. Fisher contains an admirable treatment of this question, chiefly in its external relations, and in the lights of our own time. It deserves a most careful and candid study. We have been sorry to find, that it has been met, in a quarter from which

better things might have been expected, in a somewhat capacious temper. The subject-matter involves the dearest persuasions of millions of human beings. Well founded or not, the convictions of Christendom as to the life of Jesus are of the utmost significance. Take the single affirmation, current, to say the least, from the beginning, that He re-appeared to his disciples after his crucifixion, death, and burial; 'not to all the people, but to witnesses chosen before of God.' Is it not of the utmost importance to maintain in our world, if it can be honestly maintained, the conviction that the resurrection of Jesus is an historical fact? Does not such a fact supply an altogether peculiar evidence and a most significant illustration of our immortality? Such an outward event suggests, too, so much which is inward and spiritual. It certainly puts a most special mark upon the being into whose experience it entered. Allow that miracle, and we allow not indeed a break in the order of nature, but the coming in of a higher order; allow that miracle, and we accept almost of course the other miracles; we find ourselves in communion with a Being from another sphere; we recognize a descent from heaven and a return to heaven. It is the manner of some to talk about vulgar wonders, and the superior authority of life and character: but the wonders of gospel story are not vulgar, they are beautiful and sublime,—ideal at once and real; and, *if they did really happen as affirmed*, can be regarded only as the breaking-forth of the invisible God into his world. We are not saying that they did happen; we are not declaring that the New Testament, full of wonders as it is, is a chapter of genuine history; we do not assert that the birth into the world, and departure from the world, of Jesus of Nazareth, were different from the birth and the departure of others who have been called prophets: but we do say that if the traditional conviction of Christendom, as to these matters, is well-founded, it is a grand foundation to build upon, a most practical and vital thing; moreover, that we should so understand it, and that our own persuasion, as to these points, one way or the other, must color our whole thought about the gospel, and influence us in our choice of religious methods, instrumentalities, com-

munions, and companionships. I cannot but have a more vivid sense of God, and an altogether peculiar impression of his nearness in our world, if I can satisfy myself that he has been pleased to make one life altogether his own, so that he who lived it shall be to us distinguished unmistakably from other men, in word and deed. I have then a face, a voice, a light, an incarnation, bread from heaven, the hidden manna, the water of life. The new creation in Christ seems to us analogous to the material creation. Both begin in miracle. Nature is not adequate to originate herself. The cause of nature must be supernatural. "If the universe," writes John Stuart Mill, "had a beginning, its beginning, by the very conditions of the case, was supernatural; the laws of nature cannot account for their own origin." So we say the beginning of Christianity was supernatural. Nature, indeed, was the ground. The word nature, as Edward Irving has pointed out, is *Natura*, she who is about to bring forth, and her very name is a prophecy of Him who was come; but the life manifested was divine, and no less than the Word which was with God and was God was made flesh, not only in the speech of the lips of Jesus, but in all his bodily environment, and the course of the world he lived in. Once born, Nature, of which he was the child, became plastic under his touch, and owned her Lord, — confessed Him who is the *root* as well as the offspring of David, and the bright and morning star of a new and heavenly age.

"From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way."

We believe that the Founder of our faith was an exceptional being in our world, and that, for this reason, what was real history in his life, is liable to be treated as legendary and incredible. If Prof. Fisher, and those who are laboring with him in the same direction, can show that what is discredited by some as *mythus* is well-attested history; that Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John wrote the books which bear their names; and that we have every reason to believe that they wrote honestly and what they knew, — then we are the more

free to believe that Jesus was exceptional, and indeed sent by God, as we all know *we* are *not* sent by God.

We have already followed the course of inquiry in these Essays, so far as they have appeared in other forms, and we are glad to have them now enlarged and supplemented by kindred matter. Prof. Fisher's treatment of his subject is thorough and fair, and adapted to the present state of inquiry in the department of historical Christianity. His word is not a mere protest, still less a shriek of passion and indignation. It is not a dogmatic *ipse dixit* after the manner of those who are for ever telling us that German scholarship is suicidal; and that, if you will only leave a generation of scholars alone, the newer disciples will have destroyed the elder, and the end will be what was found in the beginning. Prof. Fisher has really studied his question, and brings forward testimonies which would have missed such prominence and emphasis, had it not been for the doubts that have provoked his more careful inquiry. It is but fair to ask that those who quietly assume that the attempt to uphold the cause of the external evidences of Christianity is a failure, should read and study these Essays, and then say whether or no, as they declare, the question, *From heaven, or of men?* is not even an open question. The subjects discussed, as we wish to have our readers know, are as follows: "The Nature of the Conflict of Christian Faith with Skepticism and Unbelief;" "The Genuineness of the Fourth Gospel;" "Recent Discussions upon the Origin of the First Three Gospels;" "Baur on Parties in the Apostolic Church, and the Character of the Book of Acts;" "Baur on Ebionitism, and the Origin of Catholic Christianity;" "The Mythical Theory of Strauss;" "Strauss's Restatement of his Theory;" "The Legendary Theory of Renan;" "The Critical and Theological Opinions of Theodore Parker;" "An Examination of Baur and Strauss on the Conversion of St. Paul;" "The Nature and Function of the Christian Miracles;" "The Testimony of Jesus concerning Himself;" "The Personality of God, in reply to the Positivist and Pantheist." A goodly catalogue of topics, — a rich table of contents, we shall all say. We commend the book

very heartily to our Bible classes, and to those who are forming parochial libraries; and, if any of our societies are "changing base" from Christianity to Theism, we would earnestly beg those who are taking this step out into the wilderness, — exchanging churches for halls, dismantling and removing communion tables, and metamorphosing baptismal fonts into mere flower-vases, — to study again the history of the New Testament, and propose yet once more the question, "From heaven, or of men?" God has not left himself without a witness in the course of our world. His Church is indeed a very simple organization. Two or three met together are enough; only they must be met in the name and in the Real Presence of Jesus. In times past, the liberal Christians have been conspicuous for their learned defence of historical Christianity. What section of the Christian Church in England and America has rendered service comparable to theirs in this direction? Do they mean in haste to abandon their defences? Let them at least study Norton and Palfrey. Let them maintain their faith in the historic Christ, — a faith as positive and rich as it is simple. It is not strange, that when so many of the changing elements of the gospel have come into question, and old forms of thought and statement are yielding to new, the very foundation should seem to have been disturbed. But it is not so: "Other foundation can no man lay than that is laid." We have only to strengthen the things which remain, and we shall be found with all Christians "united under the Lord Jesus Christ, our Head, in such sort as becometh those whom he hath redeemed and sanctified unto himself;"* and, for all who go out from us into the way of the Gentiles, there shall come in believers a hundred-fold, who shall find in our doctrine of God in Christ reconciling the world unto himself the creed of regenerated Christendom, the confession of the Church which "heareth none but Christ," who is the Alpha and Omega, the beginning of the creation of God.

E.

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HYMNS FROM THE GERMAN.

TO THE ORIGINAL MELODIES.

XL.

HERR JESU CHRIST, DICH ZU UNS WEND.

(WILLIAM II. of Saxe Weimar.—First printed in 1638.)

LORD Jesus Christ, now towards us bend ;
 Thy Holy Spirit on us send ;
 With help and grace our spirits sway,
 And lead us in thine own right way.

Unclose the lips for praises due ;
 Prepare the heart for worship true ;
 The faith increase ; the mind make bright ;
 That we may read thy name aright ;

Till we're singing with angel chord :
 "Holy, holy is God the Lord ;"
 And see thee, through the blest employ,
 In holy light and endless joy.

N. L. F.

XLI.

WACH AUF, MEIN HERZ, UND SINGE.

PAUL GERHARDT. 1649.

WAKE up, my heart, elater
 To sing the All-Creator !
 Who every blessing giveth ;
 In whom all safety liveth.

He only, when I quiver,
Can graciously deliver;
And keep me when the palling
Of night's vast shade is falling.

Thou wilt'st an offering worthy;
How can I come before Thee?
I can but bow me lowly,
With thanks and homage holy.

Thou who the heart discernest,
Its least gift never spurnest.
Thou know'st that my poor coffer
Has nothing else to offer.

Say yes, to my endeavor,
And let it find thy favor;
O Lord! turn to my winning
The end from the beginning.

Accept the vows I'm telling,
And make my soul thy dwelling;
Thy word my food bestowing,
While heavenward I am going.

N. L. F.

"I HAVE seen in Catholic lands a wayside chapel which seemed to be divested of all sacred associations, exposed as it was to public desecration, and covered with the dust of daily travel; but, entering, I found, in a quiet niche, a votive lamp, which the piety of another generation had kindled, and which the present generation would not suffer to go out. And I thought how many a man of affairs, who stands in the thick of public life, and is well-nigh smothered with the dust of the world, may have in his heart some quiet corner, where the lamp of life, which a pious mother once kindled there, burns feebly, indeed, but still burns, and may, by God's grace, flame forth one day into fervent devotion!" — *Dr. Hedge*.

THE TÜBINGEN SCHOOL. No. II.

AUTHORSHIP OF THE FOURTH GOSPEL.

IN the January number of the Magazine, we offered some remarks upon the singular theory of Dr. Baur, respecting the identity of Simon Magus with the Apostle Paul. We now propose to examine his views upon a subject much more important,—the authorship of the Gospel which we call that of St. John.

That this Gospel was the work of the apostle whose name it bears, has been the undisputed faith of the Christian Church, at least from the year 180. At that date, Irenæus had become bishop of Lyons. It may fairly be inferred, that he had, by that time, matured his opinion respecting the authorship of the Gospels which were to form the basis of his instructions. Of those books he gives a distinct account, concluding with the following words: "Afterwards John, the disciple of the Lord, who also leaned upon his breast, he likewise published a Gospel while he dwelt at Ephesus in Asia."

But the evidence of Irenæus determines more than the prevalent belief of the period when he wrote, or of the time when he entered on the office of bishop. He had dwelt at Smyrna, in the region where John had presided over the Christian churches, and where his memory was held in especial reverence. He must have known, then, whether the apostle was there regarded as the author of this Gospel. At Smyrna, he had been a disciple of Polycarp, who had himself been a disciple of John; and he speaks of the accounts which Polycarp gave, from recollection, of the venerable apostle's teaching. Strange, if the Fourth Gospel was not known to Polycarp, that his scholar Irenæus should have received it in after years! Still more strange, if, as Dr. Baur would have us believe, the Fourth Gospel contains a system of Christianity widely different from that which Jesus taught; widely different from what John inculcates in his *genuine* work,

the Apocalypse; and, upon one important point, in direct contradiction to the traditional teaching of John, and to the belief and feelings of the churches over which he presided!

Dr. Baur regards the Apocalypse as the genuine work of John. Intelligent critics, from the days of Eusebius, had classed this work among the "*Antilegomena*," or those whose authorship was not as fully ascertained as that of the others. But the Tübingen school, while rejecting the Gospel, respecting which the opinion of the early Church was unanimous, finds no difficulty in receiving the Apocalypse, whose origin was early regarded as doubtful. The inference is too obvious to be justly regarded as uncharitable, that the reason of this reversal of the judgment of history is, that the reception of the Apocalypse suits Dr. Baur's theory, while that of the Gospel would be inconsistent with it.

The great idea of Dr. Baur is tendency. He examines the books of the New Testament, with a view to the discovery of their tendency in relation to questions discussed in the age when they were written. Enlightened Christians have generally supposed, that they possessed, in the historical books of the New Testament, the writings of plain men, testifying to facts well known to them, with little thought beyond that of giving correct information; and, in the Epistles, letters written according to the exigencies of the churches to which they were addressed. But, in reading Dr. Baur, we have the impression of the New Testament as a collection of controversial tracts. We would not say that his idea is altogether without foundation. The controversial aim is very evident in some of St. Paul's Epistles; and the book of Acts was as plainly written by an admiring follower of that great apostle. Even among the Gospels, that of John was said, by early Christian tradition, to have a doctrinal object. We have, in our previous article, expressed our appreciation of the light which Dr. Baur has shed upon the Epistle to the Romans, by his clear statement of the aim which Paul had in view in writing it. What we object to is, that he takes the supposed tendency of books too exclusively as his guide, to the prejudice of external testimony, of the early and uninterrupted

tradition of the Church, and of weighty considerations of internal evidence.

The place assigned by this writer to the Fourth Gospel is decided by him mainly from its tendency, in regard to the early dispute between the Jewish Christians and those of Gentile origin, — the followers, he would have us suppose, of Peter and Paul respectively; and also in regard to the controversy, which occurred near the end of the second century, relative to the time of keeping the festival of Easter.

His argument, in reference to the first point designated, may be thus expressed. The Christian Church was, at first, decidedly Jewish; its more universal character was given it by the Apostle Paul, and was strongly opposed by the original teachers. The Apocalypse, written by John, marks his position as decidedly Jewish. But the Gospel is, on the other hand, less Jewish than the writings of Paul himself. It was, therefore, not the work of the Apostle John, but of some later writer, who followed out, and improved upon, the principles of Paul.

This is very ingenious, but it is liable to some serious objections.

In the first place, the decidedly Jewish character of the original Church, not only in regard to its members, but to its ideas, is not an established fact, but a part of Dr. Baur's theory; and if this be found inconsistent with the fact of John's authorship of the Fourth Gospel, — sustained as that is by unvarying Church tradition, — it is not the fact that must give way, but the theory. The view which might be taken from an examination of Matthew and Mark alone, appears manifestly unfounded, if, with all antiquity, we include Luke and John in the number of original witnesses.

In the second place, the dispute between the Jewish and Gentile Christians is, as we have endeavored to show in our previous article, magnified by this author much beyond its real proportions; and made, without any sufficient proof, to imply a decided breach between St. Paul and his fellow-apostles.

In the third place, we question very much the exclusively

Jewish character of the Apocalypse. That it is Jewish in much of its imagery is unquestionable; but this we regard as in part the natural and proper language used by an author of Jewish descent, as St. John was, partly as the poetical garb for Christian ideas. In the passage (chap. vii.) where the persons who are sealed as servants of God are all from the twelve tribes of Israel, a very literal interpretation seems precluded by the fact that ten tribes had been lost. In the latter part, too, of that beautiful chapter, the Gentile converts are especially included; and nothing can exceed the honor and happiness extended to them.

In the fourth place, if the fact be admitted that the Gospel is less Jewish than the Apocalypse, and even than the writings of St. Paul, it is only what may be accounted for by the ancient tradition that the Gospel of St. John was the last work of its author, near the close of a life prolonged far beyond the common age of man. The Jewish State had then been destroyed, the Jewish-Christian Church to a great extent merged in the Gentile; and the apostle had lived for years among those who spoke Greek more than Syro-Chaldaic, and knew more of the Alexandrian philosophy than the laws of Moses.

Dr. Baur himself admires (page 147) the "deep geniality and delicate art" with which the evangelist adopts those elements in the Apocalypse which he could spiritualize in the Gospel. What is this but to admit an identity of ideas between the two works, much more consistent with the general opinion of Christians, than with the theory of their different authorships? Two coincidences especially he endeavors to explain away, with what seems to us but limited success. One is, between the representation in the Gospel, of Christ as the Paschal lamb (John xix. 36), with that in the Apocalypse of a "lamb that had been slain" (Rev. v. 6, 9, 12; xiii. 8; Baur, pages 152, 155). The other is, where the idea of the Logos, the Word of God (John i. 1), which he considers peculiar to the Gospel, is brought out in the Apocalypse (Rev. xix. 13; Baur, page 315).

But Dr. Baur brings forward, as an especial argument

against the genuineness of this Gospel, the view it gives of the time when the Saviour instituted the last supper, and the bearing of this view on the controversy in the second century, with regard to the time of keeping Easter. We will endeavor to present as clear an outline as possible of this somewhat intricate subject; to state the reasons for Dr. Baur's conclusions, and our own for dissenting from them.

The controversy with regard to the keeping of Easter arose from a difference in the practice of the Eastern and Western churches. The Orientals observed the fourteenth of Nisan, the day of the Jewish passover; the Occidentals observed the Sunday following, the day of the Saviour's resurrection. The cause of each observance seems obvious enough. The Eastern churches, in which were many Jewish converts, observed the old day, to which those converts had previously been accustomed; the Western Christians thought little about the Jewish passover, but much of the very day on which their Lord had arisen. The Christians of Asia appealed to the practice of their predecessors, and quoted with especial reverence the example of the Apostle John. The distinct and emphatic manner in which this is urged by Polycrates, Bishop of Ephesus, proves that the practice of the apostle was to observe the actual day of the Jewish passover.

On the other hand, Dr. Baur concludes, that the testimony of the Fourth Gospel is on the side of the Western churches; and in a manner the more marked, as it stands alone. The other evangelists represent the Saviour to have kept the actual Jewish passover (Matt. xxvi. 17, 19; Mark xiv. 16; Luke xxii. 13). From this might naturally follow the observance of the Jewish day of the passover by Christians, as the Orientals observed it. According to the account in John (as understood by Dr. Baur), the last supper was instituted the day before the passover, and the crucifixion took place on the feast-day itself. If this were the case, there would be, according to our critic, no reason for Christians to observe the passover day, as it was not that on which the communion was instituted: their reverence, therefore, would be transferred to the first day of the following week, the day on

which the Saviour rose. In his view, therefore, the Gospel ascribed to St. John is not only contradictory to the other Gospels in regard to this important date, but is contradictory to the early tradition of the Eastern churches, with respect to St. John's own practice, and could not, therefore, have been written by that apostle (pages 156-172).

As regards the difference of the evangelical accounts, it may be enough to remind our readers of the manner in which they are usually reconciled, by the supposition, that, where St. John speaks of the passover as still to come (John xiii. 1; xviii. 28; xix. 14), he refers not to the paschal supper, peculiarly so called, but to the other solemn festivities which were continued through the ensuing days. But even if John believed, and intended to imply, that Jesus appointed the last supper on the thirteenth of Nisan, instead of the fourteenth; though he would differ from the other evangelists, we perceive no contradiction to his own reported practice. In that case, the Saviour was crucified on the fourteenth of Nisan; and this surely was as good a reason for observing the day, as his instituting the communion on that day would have been; especially so, when the passage is noticed, to which Dr. Baur himself directs our attention, as showing that the writer of the Fourth Gospel regarded the passover sacrifice as a type, which received its fulfilment in the death of Christ (John xix. 35-37; Baur, page 152). In this point of view, the Gospel of St. John appears to us more favorable to the practice of the Quartodecimans, — that held by the Eastern churches, — than the other Gospels; and therefore in full harmony with the practice of the apostle himself, of which the bishop Polycrates so solemnly assures us.

But, according to Dr. Baur, who arranges all things agreeably to his favorite idea of a tendency held in view by the writers, the conception of Jesus as the antitype of the paschal lamb, must have arisen at a time when the early Jewish-Christian view had ceased to be held, but when the Jewish observances, no longer valued on their own account, were admitted by the reconciled Pauline Christians to a sort of secondary honor, as types of what was really important and

memorable in Christianity. It is sufficient, in answer to this theory, to refer, not merely to the Epistle to the Hebrews, but to the indisputably genuine Epistle to the Galatians, in which the allegorizing of Hagar and Sarah, Mount Sinai and Jerusalem, in the fourth chapter, shows that the age of the apostle was not too early for the free employment of typical interpretation.

We cannot enter, within the space we have assigned ourselves, into the other reasons held by various writers against the genuineness of St. John's Gospel. Had they far greater weight than they possess, it must yield, in our opinion, to the uncontradicted evidence of early writers, as we have already displayed it in the case of Irenæus. But there is an argument even beyond this evidence, which possesses to our mind surpassing power.

If the Fourth Gospel be not an authentic record of the words and acts of our Saviour, the great moral miracle of Christianity, so far from being diminished, is doubled. Besides believing in the original, profound, and holy Teacher who instructed mankind in the Sermon on the Mount and in the parables, we must admit the existence of another, as original and profound, and even more tender and spiritual, who taught the world in the conversation with Nicodemus, and in that with the woman of Samaria; who conceived the thought, "He that believeth in me shall never die;" who composed those wonderful chapters which record the conversation at the last supper; who added to the account of the Saviour's sufferings the incident of his parting care for his mother, and to that of his resurrection the meeting with Mary Magdalene and the charge to Peter. But this wonderful intellect and heart were not those of Jesus,—not those even of his beloved disciple,—but of some anonymous forger of the second century! Lessons of unrivalled power and beauty from one who left no other memorial of himself, and whose name is forgotten! Lessons of divine holiness from one whose whole task was a base and sacrilegious fraud! Believe this who will; we cherish, dear as aught but the Saviour's personal presence could be, his sacred words perpetuated by that disciple who leaned upon his breast.

S. G. B.

MORAL USES OF MONEY.

ONE of the ethical generalizations of that marvellous book, Ecclesiastes, is in these words, "Money answereth all things." It is natural to conclude that the writer had in his mind other than commercial uses; for, if we limit him to these, we reduce his words to the merest commonplace, and overlook the moral spirit that underlies his incisive sentences.

What are those other uses? It is not difficult to name them. Money answers the end of a moral trial. Money is continually testing and proving human character. Money is the touchstone which is always revealing just what men are. Money fosters more virtues than any other one thing that can be named; as also, on the other hand, it is the root of more evil.

1. In the first place, money is a trial of our industry. Am I willing to take my part in the great work of the world, to earn my living by careful attention to my legitimate calling in life, and to receive only that which comes to me as an equivalent for the services I have rendered by the labor of thought or skill which I have put forth? Or, on the other hand, am I seeking a support in life, without rendering any equivalent services myself, by cunning or fraud, by taking undue advantages, by practising deceitful arts? Who does not see that every dollar a man lays up is an answer to such questions as these?

2. So, secondly, money is a trial of a man's sense of justice. Is this money which has come into my hands rightfully mine? In laying it away for my use, do I violate any man's just rights, disappoint any man's fair expectations? Is any part of it the fruit of another's unrequited toil, on which, therefore, the calm eye of justice may see his claim written just as clearly as one might see his image and superscription, were they fresh stamped on the coin itself? Is it clean money, with no stain of injustice upon it, and all clearly and

equitably my own? In the point of view now considered, it matters not whether we ask these questions or not. Content with the possession, we may enter into no inquiries as to the mode of acquisition; but every dollar we lay up is an answer to these questions, and proves to what degree money has been a trial of our sense of justice, which in this case it has blinded and perverted.

3. Then, again, money is a trial of our fidelity in meeting our engagements to others. Consider this fidelity not merely with reference to its commercial uses, though it is the very life of all business transactions, but look at it in its moral significance. It is one of the fundamental social virtues. It shows not only how far a man respects his own word and honor, but how far he can go out of himself, and place himself in the position of another, and resolve that he shall neither be defrauded at all, nor disappointed at the just time. If I have money come into my possession while I am under pecuniary obligations to others, how do I conduct myself? Do I look upon this money as mine? Do I presume to appropriate it to other things as long as I have an honest debt due and unpaid? Especially, can I once think of living in extravagance or display or self-indulgence, and thus add the guilt of squandering to that which deserves no milder name than robbery? Could the punishments of society fall where they are most deserved, they would fall with their severest force on men who do these things openly and unblushingly, and who seem in a less hopeful moral condition than many a thief and robber, who can plead the impulse of want, or the force of some sudden temptation. Yet so imperfect are human laws, that the former escape the penalties which are visited on the latter. But, if formally summoned before no tribunal, there is one thing that gives its solemn verdict against them. Every dollar they lay up or spend utters a condemnation; for money, which answereth all ends, shall answer this end also, to try them and convict them.

4. In the fourth place, money is a trial of a man's purpose to live within his means, and to make a careful and prudent provision for the future. The harder it is to practise this

virtue in humble and straitened circumstances, the more meritorious it is. Hundreds have practised it, with a patient and persevering self-denial, and with a devout gratitude for the little sum laid by, as a gift and pledge of Providence, which eclipse many of the splendid virtues acted on the conspicuous theatres of the world. And this careful regard for the future, this study to provide for themselves and theirs against any coming want, is always a virtue in all business men. One is surprised, on reflection, to see how many of the operations of society, its stated courses, and steady habits, and orderly pursuits, all go on smoothly under the influences of this principle. The public has few greater pests than those men who never know how they stand in the world; who never look into their accounts; who live on reckless, spending more than they make, and so are sure, by-and-by, to break down and fail, carrying loss and suffering certainly to some, and possibly to many. When, then, I have money come into my hands, can I tell exactly how my affairs stand in the world? Do I know how much of this I may spend as I go, and how much I must set aside as a provident security for me and for mine against future want? Do I cheerfully put up with self-denial, if I am in lowly life, that I may make this provision? do I do it with gratitude, and with a sense of dependence on the Giver of all, if I am called to no straits in order to secure this end? Is my conduct regulated, as not by carelessness on the one hand, so not by covetousness on the other, but by a thoughtful regard to what is fitting and right? To these questions, also, every dollar a man receives gives an answer.

5. Moreover, in the fifth place, money is a trial of a man's disposition to allow himself in petty self-indulgences and foolish expenditures. The amount of waste, little by little, trifling when counted only for a single day, but swelling in the course of years to a large sum, and all for nothing but to pamper some foolish appetite, or minister to some love of display, — this is not to be overlooked by one who believes that money is a trust. No doctrine of asceticism is taught by that Providence which has been so bountiful in its provisions for

our happiness. But there is a reasonableness and moderation here, as in every thing else. There is an expense which becomes selfish, if indulged for luxurious articles of food ; and becomes vain, if lavished on costly articles of dress ; and becomes sinful in both cases, and in all cases, if it be carried to the length of abridging one's ability to give in the cause of doing good. How often it is carried to this length we all know. The plea, I am not able to give, is often urged by those who *are* able to give largely and profusely for fashions and shows ; and therefore, when money comes into my hand, do I consider carefully what use I am to make of that part of it which I am free to spend, — what portion I may appropriate to my inclinations and tastes, and what portion I am to hold sacred to higher and more disinterested ends ? On this question depends the greatest and widest good which a man can exert in his life ; and money here tests the state of his heart.

6. In the sixth place, money is a trial of our generosity. To what extent are we willing to part with it in order to relieve the sufferings of our fellow-beings ; to promote the interests of good morals and truth ; to meet the claims which are made upon our philanthropy and public spirit ? Have we settled it in our minds, — in the spirit of serious and honest duty, — just what proportion of our income it is proper and right that we should give every year in charity ? Do we give the allotted sum cheerfully, as a token of our gratitude ; and wisely, where we are certain it will accomplish the best ends ; and thankfully, for the privilege of thus taking part in any good work ? Or, on the other hand, have we never determined the amount which we are bound annually to bestow ? Do we allow ourselves to be here governed only by the caprices and excuses of the moment ? Does the reluctance of giving soon teach us the habit of refusing, or of pleading one act of generosity as a reason for declining all others ? Does not our money answer all these questions ?

7. It may be added, in the seventh place, that money is a trial of the comparative estimate we put upon the possessions of this world. For, of all these things, money is the great

representative. It controls them all, procures them all, and thus stands for them all. Do we give to it our first and our profoundest attention? Knowing that in a world like this we must devote to it much of our time, do we keep watch lest the love of it should insensibly grow within us, and become an absorbing and master desire of our souls? Do we ever sacrifice to its attainment the time which should be given to other claims, to our families, to the ties of friendship, to the duties of self-communion, reading, and prayer? Have we ever bartered away one solemn conviction of duty, one plain dictate of conscience, for the sake of gain? When we have found our riches increase, have we searched to see whether our affections were resting upon them, as if these were the rock of our trust; and when, in the vicissitudes of this changing world, our riches have taken wings, and we have met with loss, have we felt sustained by the conviction that we have an interest in that wealth which the world cannot take away? We need not here be deceived unless we choose to be. Either we have said to money, "Thou art my good and my trust," or we have found a profound meaning in the words, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul, or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Every dollar in our possession witnesses which of these two cases is true of us.

And now, on each of the above-named points, what witness will the money in our possession bear? All this is known far more surely than if every hue of our character, by some mysterious daguerreotype process, was stamped on every bit of coin, and every bank-note, which comes into our hands. Indeed, there are times when such a process almost seems to take place; times when guilt sees itself reflected in the very wages of sin; when, as with Judas, the very pieces of silver shall seem to have blood upon them. Never, surely, have we taken into our hands such coin as that; but every dollar we have has its tale to tell, — a tale of our honesty and justice and faithfulness, or of our love of money to which we have sacrificed even the love of God. How deep the meaning of the words of Jesus, "Make to yourselves friends of

the unrighteous mammon, that, when this fails, ye may be received into everlasting habitations"! It is as if he had said, So use your worldly possessions, that they may at last bear friendly witness to your fidelity, and may prove your fitness for the inheritance that fadeth not away. M.

THE REMOVAL OF THE SEA.

"And there was no more sea."

IN all ages, from the beginning of our race on earth, the sea has been a barrier, a trial, a foe, an appalling mystery to man. It has said to his building and tilling enterprises, when they reached its briny lips, "Thus far and no farther. You may subdue the earth, put the marks of your triumph on mountain and forest: but I laugh your puny power to scorn; with a throb of passion I break your ships like bubbles on my bosom, and swallow your forms like pebbles in my depths." And so, from the earliest time, man has been afraid of the great abyss of waters, wondered at its elusive horizon, and, pausing on its edge, with curious longings to pierce beyond all its glittering waves to the orient cradle of the sun and the western baths of the stars, baffled and chafing, has paced to and fro, devoutly wishing that "there was no more sea."

An experience like this must have been pre-eminently felt by the Apostle John, when he wrote that symbolic book of Revelations from which the text is taken. For he had fled from persecution to the little island of Patmos, where, with eagerest impatience, he was awaiting the re-appearance of the crucified Christ in power, to expel the triumphant heathen from authority, avenge his saints, and call home the scattered exiles of the cross to the beloved city, the idolized and glorified Jerusalem. His body hemmed in by the petty circle of his prison-island, his soul expanding over the earth in prophetic surmises, his heart almost bursting with the

ardor of its desires and hopes, as he strolled along the beach, listened to the dull welter of the deep, or gazed across the pitiless expanse of glancing wastes which shut out all beyond from his sight and hearing, — how natural it was that he should take it as an emblem of all the limitations that try the spirit on earth; and that, as in anticipating faith he leaped over every barrier into the freedom of eternity and the fruition of heaven, he should exclaim, "And there was no more sea"!

So let us now, each in his own Patmos-isle of life, comfort ourselves by thinking what we shall escape and what we shall win, when we overpass the barriers of time and sense, and arrive at our endless home in the bosom of God. Regarding the sea as symbolic of the great trials of our earthly existence, which shall cease when we emerge from the confines of flesh and the material world into the mental emancipation of immensity, let us consider what tidings of supporting solace and joy are yielded in the promised *removal of the sea*.

First, there shall be no more *perplexity*: all the problems of evil, disappointments, mistakes, sorrows, whose severity distresses, whose intricacy thwarts us now, shall receive clear explanation when we reach the height of immortality, and from that heavenly point of view survey the whole prospect of experience, with all its windings and obscurities. When we stand on the shore, and look out far over the billowy wilderness surging in the tempest or sparkling in the sunbeams; as we gaze on that meeting-place of mystery and loveliness, the horizon-line, now melting away in fading haze and soft blue, now lying on the verge of vision like a hoop of opal; as we think of the islands, peaks of a sunken continent, the strange currents that follow in incessant chase their channels around the globe, the fathomless caverns that yawn below, the worlds of life that creep or swim there, the marine flowers and forests that bloom and undulate in the sightless deeps and the watery wind, — what a throng of questions press into our minds, and clamor for replies we are unable to gain! So is it with us in regard to the vast realm of our life. That also is an ocean,

teeming with mysteries that transcend our present powers. Many and many an event befalls us, so inexplicable in its cause, relations, and purport, that, as we pause before it in pain and misgiving, vainly struggling to read the riddle clear, nothing can impart so deep a delight as that which thrills us in the sacred promise, "What ye know not now, ye shall know hereafter." Life is an abyss of marvels, a gulf of unsolved problems. We but dip into its thin edges a little, here and there, with our nets and drags, and now then some bolder spirit goes down in a diving-bell; but the GREAT UNKNOWN itself meanwhile stretches away, in alluring and sombre mass, millions of cubic miles uncut by any of our keels, unsounded by any mortal plummet. Relief, joy unspeakable, is it to trust in a glorious epoch to come, when our anxious inquiries will be answered, when we shall know even as we are known, and "there shall be no more sea."

In the second place, when we exchange earth for heaven, our painful experience of *separation* shall end, and an everlasting union of the heart and its treasures be consummated. Almost the first feeling we derive from contemplating the sea is a recognition of its sundering power. How it separated continent from continent for thousands of years! How its monotonous leagues, its fruitless reaches of bitter wave, the matchless terrors of its strength and wrath, still divide country from country, isle from isle, friend from friend! What sighs, what sighs from breaking hearts, from agonized minds, from the depths of an unspeakable longing and an infinite affection, have not invalids, dying in foreign climes, patriots exiled from all they loved, breathed in prayers and tears as they strained their eyes from the desolate strand of their banishment over the mocking waves towards the dear scenes of home and the beloved ones yearning to their embrace! Ah, how the fainting pulse must leap ere it goes out, with the divine faith that after death "there shall be no more sea," but every sad separation close in blissful union for ever!

But, thirdly, the sea is as obvious and powerful a type of *restlessness* as it is of mystery and of separation. In endless

race rush and return its currents and counter-currents; in perpetual ebb and flow, tide after tide, its moon-drawn floods mount and subside; in ceaseless mobility its fenceless fields now twinkle and whisper to the breeze, now heave their swollen bosoms to the hurricane's wooing, or shatter their dark bulks in foam and thunder on reef and strand. Smiling or frowning, still for ever heaves the sea, image of toil that has no respite, of guilt that cannot sleep, of sorrow that will not forget, of hope and will that must never forego their tension. Alas! how accurate an emblem of much of our life is the murmurous and ever-fluctuating sea! Many a poor seamstress plies her needle, many a mechanic handles his tools, many a farmer follows his hard routine of labor, with as monotonous a perseverance of application as that with which the tidal ripple, advancing and receding, laps the weed-clung rocks and the sands. Neither can our *thoughts* refrain from weary searches after truth, wounding struggles with falsehood, adventurous excursions into unconquered regions of knowledge, perilous attacks on the castles of sophistry, darkness, and fate. Spent and disheartened, they sink down, snatch a 'few moments' slumber, then return to the tasks that can never be finished. Our *passions*, too, cannot be at ease. They pursue their objects; they are made wretched by failure, or nauseated with success and surfeit; they battle with multitudes of temptations; they are goaded by sleepless anxiety, or stung by remorse; they bleed with bereavement, or sink in despair; they pant with exhaustion, or are convulsed with overcharged excitement. The heart is a mighty deep, as long as this life endures casting up mire and dirt, or pearls and flowers, continually. And it cannot, cannot rest. Shortly since, I saw one who was dying from a long-continued disease of the heart, a violent palpitation which allowed no sleep but shook the vital functions into disorder and anguish. As she lay, nearly worn out and gone, all her cry was, over and over, in tones so piteously expressive of a perfect fatigue that they penetrated every sympathy, "I am tired, tired, tired." "O thou poor one!" I could not help saying, "soon shalt thou be at rest; the toilsome tide shall not roll over thee,

the waves of pain shall stop heaving, and thou shalt be at rest!" Remember, therefore, all ye who are swayed and tossed in this world's cruel restlessness till every fibre of your frames and every emotion of your souls are saturated with weariness, — remember, as a thought of soothing consolation and strengthening cheer, that soon you shall repose in heaven, lapped from head to foot in peace; for *there* "there is no more sea."

Finally, in the promised removal of the sea we have assurance of the destined abolition of death, the swallowing up of death in immortality. One can hardly look on the ocean, recall its history, or recognize its capricious and awful power, without instantly thinking of death. Since men first rigged out their oared or sailing crafts and launched upon the main, so many ships have sunk with their unwilling crews, so many corpses of sailors and passengers have been reverently lowered overboard, that almost it may with truth be said, that every ocean-cliff stands as an uninscribed tombstone, and every billow breaks above a forgotten skeleton. Yes, the sea is an emblem of death; for down on its coral beds, far below the reachings of any storm that lashes its surface, what multitudes lie waiting in their last repose! "It is the sublimest of sepulchres, though its tenants slumber without a monument. All other graveyards, in all lands, show some symbol of distinction between the great and the small, the rich and the poor. But in that ocean-cemetery the king and the clown, the prince and the peasant, are alike. The same billow rolls over them all; the same requiem, by the minstrelsy of wind and wave, is sung to their honor. Over their remains the same storm drifts, and the same sun shines; and there, undistinguished, the weak and the powerful, the plumed and the squalid, will slumber until the deep gives up its dead," "and there is no more sea."

The deepest instincts of our hearts, the grandest prophecies of philosophy, assure us that this earth and its contents are not our all; foretell a better life never to be overtaken by death, — a brighter and completer world, *without* the dark, restless, dividing, and fatal sea. Who, in a full appreciation

of the present experience of humanity, can question it? Who can recall the self-sacrificing and baffled affections, the passionate farewells, the agonized years of tortured memory and faithful loneliness endured by human hearts; who can gaze on such a sight as that displayed, when, hour after hour, all night, the minute-gun had boomed, and as the rising sun looked over the scene, strewn with the tragic spoils of the wreck, among them lay, washed on the beach, a mother with a babe carefully wrapt in a mantle, and so closely clasped in her arms that neither tempest nor death could snatch it away; who can face such things as these, and not cry, in victorious belief, "O human soul! keeping thyself through all mortal things vainly true, surely thou hast another lot; surely there is a home where thou shalt rest at last and be happy, and forget for ever the lamentable moaning of the sea."

Great Columbus, walking on the strand at Genoa, musing on his favorite theory of another continent lying behind the untraversed flood murmuring at his feet, saw some fragments of wood bearing an unusual look, which the long westerly winds had blown ashore. Carefully examining them, he determined that they were branches of a singular vegetation, such as grew in no part of the then known globe. These providential witnesses confirmed, by their convincing proof, his belief in the existence of an undiscovered hemisphere of land in the West. So oftentimes we roam, musing on this familiar shore of time, after some unwonted gale of experience, and such strange waifs are tossed from the deeps of our being upon the sunlit strand of consciousness, such mysterious intuitions, feelings, thoughts, bearing no kindred to sense or decay, that we know they are no native products of earth, but must be growths of some celestial world, — messages wafted within mortal reach from a heavenly kingdom which our souls shall yet strike, when in death they weigh courageous anchor and spread believing sail, and with adventurous prow cut their way into the inviting and trackless *Unknown*. So, then, while our frail vessels of flesh are heaved on this worldly flood, exposed to cruel blasts and foes; while the billows of perplexity, separation, restlessness,

and dissolution dash their salt spray in our faces, and we are sorely distressed, uncertain, and weary,—let us comfort ourselves with that sublime thought and gospel-promise, the *final removal of the sea!*

“When tempests toss, and billows roll,
And lightnings rend from pole to pole,
Sweet is he thought to me,
That one day it shall not be so :
In the bright world to which I go,
The tempest shall forget to blow :
There shall be no more sea.

My little bark has suffered much
From adverse storms ; nor is she such
At once she seemed to be :
But I shall shortly be at home,
No more a mariner to roam :
When once I to the port have come,
There will be no more sea.

Then let the waves run mountain high,
Confound the deep, perplex the sky, —
This shall not always be :
One day the sun will brightly shine
With life and light and heat divine ;
And, when that glorious land is mine,
There will be no more sea.

My Pilot tells me not to fear,
But trust entirely to his care,
And he will guarantee,
If only I depend on him,
To land me safe, in his good time,
In yonder purer, happier clime, —
Where shall be no more sea.”

W. E. A.

In the soul which Faith has rooted and established in God, the enemy asks as vainly as did Archimedes of this earthly globe, for “a point” wherefrom to remove it from its steadfastness. So long as it believes, it remains, with Him unto whom belief unites it, “among the things which cannot be shaken,” — fixed, like the limpet, upon the Rock of Ages.

A Present Heaven.

HOW CHRIST BORE OUR SINS.

THE New Testament abounds in language which teaches the vicarious suffering of our Lord and Saviour for mankind. "By his stripes," it affirms, we are "healed." He is spoken of as "our sacrifice," "our propitiation," our "sin-offering," and our "ransom." One apostle writes that "he suffered the just for the unjust."

Now, it can be no unimportant truth which is couched in this strong, significant language. From these and similar expressions has been deduced the great doctrine of the atonement. And, however interpreted, this word shadows forth the central principle of Christianity; and nothing concerns us more deeply than to comprehend it aright. We are bound, divesting our minds as far as possible of all human expositions, to see its true position and relations in the Scriptures, and to view it simply and solely as they unfold it.

There are two passages which, taken together, furnish, I think, an illustration, if not a clear definition, of the atonement,—one in the Gospel by Matthew, "Himself took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses;" the other in the First Epistle of Peter, "Who his ownself bare our sins in his own body on the tree." The second is explained by the first. When Christ bare our sins, were they laid upon him in such a sense that he became a sinner, and we ceased to be sinners? Or, if this is not so, did he take upon himself the guilt of our sins, and bear all their consequences? Was he, in other words, punished in our stead? The other passage in question gives a distinct answer to these inquiries. How did Christ "bare the sicknesses" of those whom, when on earth, he healed? Not certainly by taking their diseases into his own body, and becoming sick himself. No: he did it, in a most obvious sense, by bearing away, that is, curing their diseases. It is no irreverence to say of our Saviour, that he resembled the good physician, who heals his patients by bearing or taking away their sicknesses. The difference, of course, is

vast between the office exercised and the means employed in each case. For the physician is a merely human agent, and he operates only through natural instrumentalities; while Christ was a divine agent, and his healing was accomplished supernaturally.

The words, "He took our infirmities and bare our sicknesses," are quoted from the prophet Isaiah. A better translation of the original is this:—

"He bore our diseases,
And carried our pains."

That is, he took away our sicknesses, and with them their accompanying pains.

We have still another statement of the doctrine of atonement in our common version, which brings us by a nearer approach to the peculiar office of Jesus Christ: "Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows." This takes us into a new sphere, that of the mind and heart. It shows us that Christ came to do good in all possible forms and methods. He came to relieve men's temporal necessities, to provide sometimes food for the hungry, and to heal all manner of diseases. But, beyond this, he had a special mission to the inner man; to "heal the broken-hearted," and "set at liberty them" that, mentally speaking, "are bruised;" and to preach deliverance to the spiritually captive. He was full of overflowing of sympathy for our race. In their every form of pain, grief, and distress, they found in him one who was touched by their condition. Whatever the cause of their woe might be, his tender heart embraced them at once. That eye which beamed with a divine love, rested in pity upon them. None were so poor as to be despised by him; none were so friendless and forlorn that he forgot them.

But what excited his special interest in them was the fact that they were sinners. Much as he compassionated the needy, and felt for the sick, while on earth, it is nowhere said that it was for their sakes he came into the world. No: he was sent, we are told, explicitly for this end, "to save sinners." When John pointed one of his disciples to the

then unknown Christ, he did not say, Behold one who will feed the hungry and heal the sick, as if that was his primal office; but his words were these, "Behold the Lamb of God, which taketh away the *sin* of the world."

And how does Christ bear away or take away the sin of the world? First, and above all, by making us realize that he is a friend of the sinner. According to the Septuagint or Latin version of the Scriptures, we read in Isaiah thus: "He bears our sins and endures sorrows on our behalf." That is, when we sin, he is grieved; and, as he witnesses our suffering for wrong-doing, he is pained on our account. We can, indeed, but poorly conceive the intensity of his sympathies. You have seen the fond mother sit by the bedside of her sick child; and, as the disease gathered new strength, by day she felt more and more for the little sufferer; by night she endured, through the long hours, almost pang for pang. A momentary relief to the child gave her relief; when he slept, then only could she sleep; and, when from a new pain he woke, her eye at once opened. And on and on she knew no life but his. She had no experience when her heart did not throb in unison with his. We might verily say, that, up to that day in which his health was restored, or to that bitter moment when the Father took her child to himself, she bare the sickness of that frail and fainting form.

Even so did Jesus Christ live in the life, and share the sufferings, of the sinner. It was so largely in a physical regard. One of the current sayings, like that ascribed to him in the book of Acts, "It is more blessed to give than to receive," was this: "I have been weak on account of the weak, and I have hungered on account of the hungry, and I have thirsted on account of the thirsty." As we picture to ourselves that scene in Palestine, when, "as the evening was come," the people thronged round him from hill and valley, bringing the poor demoniacs and a great multitude of the diseased, what a blessed spectacle it is to see him cast out the spirits with his word, and heal all that are sick, disburdening his own sensitive frame by the act! But more glorious still was the sight, when some downcast sinner drew nigh to him, trembling, yet

daring to hope that he would pity and pardon him. How would he at once espouse the cause of the lowly offender, enter into his or her feelings, speak to the heart, deal gently yet faithfully with conscience; and, when he saw the soul melted to contrition, and witnessed a strong confidence in himself, then would break forth the gracious words, "Son, be of good cheer;" "Daughter, fear not, thy sins are forgiven thee."

Now, these and similar representations seem to me to give a clear view of the true nature of the atonement. They exhibit Christ as a vicarious sufferer. They show his exquisite sensibility, and how much he endured for man. Over and over, the New Testament sets this forth. Not by his death alone, but throughout his life, he manifestly felt our sins so keenly that he might truly be said to *bear* them. But note this, that, while he is often said to suffer for our sakes, *he is never said to be punished in our stead*. Vicarious suffering is the clear doctrine of Scripture; vicarious punishment, never.

Christ did indeed bear our sins, but it was the sins themselves, not their consequences; he "takes away the sin of the world," not the natural and legitimate fruit of its sin. We can trace no idea of a literal "imputation." In the touching Memoir of Robertson, we are told, "He was often crushed to the earth by the thought of the guilt and suffering of humanity. He felt them personally, acutely, as if they were his own." With a deeper anguish Jesus Christ was borne down by the weight of men's sins; but never in such a sense that he became himself a sinner. Using the words of Robertson, himself a full believer in the atonement, "To say that He bore my sins in this sense, that He was haunted by an evil conscience and its horrors, is to make a statement, of which it is not enough to say that it is false; it is absolutely unmeaning, as well as destructive of all real conception of the enormity of sin."

His high office was to turn every one away from his iniquities. The atonement — that is, reconciliation — he came to effect was an influence upon man, to bring him to God. He did not come to produce a change in the divine arrangements

and plans concerning our race, to work outside of the human heart, to appease by his own sufferings the wrath of an offended Sovereign, nor in any way to operate upon him and conciliate his good-will. His great function lay in the interior kingdom of the soul: he saw that it was sin alone which disturbed the harmonious relations between man and his Maker and Judge; and if that could be borne, taken away, then the path was plain to our present peace and future salvation.

I have seen many theories of the atonement which represent the sufferings of Christ as so great that they can be explained only on the ground that the punishment of all human transgression was laid on his soul. But this view takes the mind off from the chief evil of sin. What *is* that evil? Not the amount of punishment inflicted for it upon us by a Being outside of ourselves. The worst thing in the condition and prospects of the sinner is the terrible truth that he *is* a sinner; that he chooses darkness instead of light, poison instead of food, guilt instead of innocence; that he consents to sell his spiritual birthright, purity before God, integrity before man, self-approval in his own conscience, for that mess of pottage, the pleasures of indulgence in a wrong course, the fleeting enjoyment of debased appetites, sordid desires, a miserable, soul-destroying selfishness. This is what Christ sees and pities in us; and this is the view of our spiritual condition, which so burdens his tender, all-sympathizing spirit, that he does indeed bear our sins.

And now, by what means and methods does Christ bear, or take away, our sins? The broad reply to this question is, He does it by a moral influence, operating on the mind and heart of the sinner. God was waiting and yearning for the return of his estranged children before Christ appeared. But the mission and message of that pure Being were essential to make man come to himself, and gain a knowledge of his true spiritual condition. No sooner did the wanderer look upon Jesus in faith, than he returned to the bosom of his divine Father.

The criminal is never so surely melted to repentance as by

the interest and influence of a true, sympathizing friend. This great truth made it necessary that the Saviour of mankind should come "in the likeness of sinful flesh." He must needs be united to us by the strongest possible ties. Partaking of our affections and dispositions, he understood fully our moral wants; joined so closely to us, every thing that touched our well-being affected him. Replete with the self-denial of a perfect friend, whatever injured us was to him a personal injury. The New Testament calls the Church the bride of Christ. We know that in some cases the sympathy between husband and wife is so entire that the sickness of the one produces actual sickness in the other. Our Saviour had so completely espoused, as it were, our very humanity, that no pain of a human being was indifferent to him; when he saw the sick, the physically or spiritually diseased, he took their sickness on himself; a sympathizing power went out from him, and he healed them all.

It is true, Christ cured the diseased by miracles, by a power more than human, and direct from God. Still, we are never to forget, that, while on one side he was thus closely united with God, on the other he was one with man. This union was demonstrated in the case of the great apostle. When Paul would be healed of his bodily disease, he looked to Jesus. "I besought the Lord thrice," he says, "that it might depart from me." Jesus, entering into his afflicted state with an unlimited sympathy, replies, "My grace is sufficient for thee; for my strength is made perfect in your weakness." Thus, both in his human and divine relations, he bare the sicknesses and carried the griefs of mankind.

It is easy, with this key to his character, to see how his near incorporation with us enables and disposes him to bear our sins. We bear one another's sins. When a dear friend does a wrong thing, it is, for the moment, our wrong. If we had committed the act ourselves, our suffering would not have been greater. I can see how Christ should so suffer for and with man in his wrong-doing, that he might be said to be "made sin" for us. He could not look on the meanest mortal going astray, with indifference; he at once felt for him.

It grieved his pure spirit to see any human being lost from the path of rectitude. For the sake of relieving such, much as he enjoyed the society of the upright and holy, he would leave them, and seek out and choose rather to go among sinners. And he did not merely visit and pity them. His ever-present care and toil was to enter their houses, to follow them by the wayside, to mingle with them everywhere, that he might turn them from the error of their ways. Instead of gratifying his personal tastes, or resorting to scenes of comfort and ease, he went often where his pure and tender spirit was sure to be lacerated by the coarse and rude, and weighed down by human guilt and suffering. His divine and only errand was to seek and save the lost.

Vicarious suffering, — the New Testament abounds in it. Paul endured it. "Who," he asks, "is weak, and I am not weak? Who is offended, and I burn not?" And, to show that there is no mystic and exclusive meaning in the sufferings of our Saviour, the apostle says, "I now rejoice in my sufferings for you, and fill up that which is behind;" by which he means lacking, "in the afflictions of Christ, in my flesh, for his body's sake, which is the Church." This language shows clearly, that Paul, so far from ascribing to the sufferings of Christ any exclusive efficacy, connects his high office in this regard with his own. He says, in effect, I rejoice to fill up for you what falls short in the sufferings of Christ. In the same spirit and for the same purpose, to all that his divine Master bore for our sakes, he would add his own trials and afflictions.

Even so the faithful minister of the Lord Jesus, who lives and labors for the spiritual well-being of his people, not only rejoices in their virtues and Christian graces, but is pained for their short-comings and sins. Their moral languor is a burden to his spirit; when they do wrong, the iron enters his soul; their indifference to holy things chills and depresses him; and, as he toils for their renewal, and plans and strives and prays for them, he takes upon himself their infirmities, and bears their sins.

But in a far higher sense did Jesus Christ bear the sins of

his people. There is great breadth of meaning in the phrase, "He hath put away sin by the sacrifice of himself." It comprehends the whole of Christ's character, his moral and religious example, the entire efficacy both of his life and death. Self-sacrifice, we here learn, ran through all he did and endured. So utterly did he divest himself of all merely personal considerations, so did he identify his own being with humanity, that he took upon himself all the pains of the physical sufferer; and, immeasurably beyond that, he lived for sinners, and for their sakes he laid down his life on the cross. His eye was always steadily directed toward the evil of man's heart and life; he fashioned his ministry for its extirpation. His first message was, "Repent ye, for the kingdom of heaven is at hand." To rouse men to repentance, to make them see, feel, and forsake their sins, was his earnest and unremitted labor. By precept and promise, by encouragement and warning, by the fears of retribution and the joys of pardon, by the love of God and of goodness for its own sake, he would stir them to embrace the precious gift of eternal life. And, just as he took away the diseases of the sick, and carried off the sorrows of the lonely and downcast, so did he bear away moral diseases. The great spiritual physician, not more truly did he heal the infirmities and pains of the body than he removed the interior and heart-sufferings of all who submitted themselves to his divine power.

The view we have presented is both scriptural and rational. It accords with the Bible doctrine of atonement, which is, that "God so loved the world" that he sent his Son to save the world. It was not that God was so alienated from man that Christ must come to appease his wrath; nor that man had transgressed the law of God, and Christ must be punished for his sins. The Father pitied and had compassion on man, and so did Jesus Christ. He suffered on that account, but never from a sense of guilt; never in a way that showed he was punished in our stead. His love, like the love of God, was so deep, that he bare our sins; that is, he bare or took away the sin itself: but he is nowhere said to bear in himself or take away the guilt of sin.

The vicarious suffering of Christ reveals the closeness of his connection with us. He is not one who stands afar off, and obeys some dread mandate of the Sovereign of the universe. He is very nigh in love to every one of us. We do not indeed see him with the natural eye, as did the lame and weary and woe-stricken, whose sicknesses he once bore in Galilee and Judea. We cannot hear that tender voice, "Son, thy sins are forgiven thee." But in all that is most intimate to the affections, and most sacred in conscience and energetic in the will, Christ is still with us. Bearing on his heart of hearts our sins, he calls us to turn from them and lead a new life; in every field of duty, we are to be instinct with the temper of his sacrifice. When self-regard would corrode our inner man, and make us of the earth, earthy, we are to look to him who came to take away the sin of this heart of stone. To the summons of patriotism, not only amid war and bloodshed, but through the crisis of reconstructing a people just torn with civil dissensions and alienations, we are to answer by the loyal offering of our clearest, broadest thought, uniting wisdom for the future to a conciliating temper for the hour. Thus shall we share his spirit who bare the sins of his erring countrymen, wept over his beloved Jerusalem, and gave up for his kindred in the flesh his all, even to his life-blood. If our faith grow dim, and our whole being narrow, sordid, and mean, look we to Jesus, and he will quicken us to repentance, lead us to turn from our wrong courses, and so bear away our sins, and help us to a new, a high, and everlasting life.

A. B. M.

"THE love of God," saith one of old, "passeth all things for illumination." One drop of this love shed abroad in our hearts by the Holy Ghost; one expansion of the renewed mind, in pity, in forgiveness, in love to the Father, in goodwill towards men, — will teach us *more of what God really is* than we could learn from a thousand disquisitions upon the divine character and attributes. — *The Patience of Hope.*

THE SUMMER IS ENDED.

BY JAMES FREEMAN CLARKE.

THE royal summer is over, — queenly season of the year. To all of us, sitting here to-day, God has made the present of another summer. It is as though a great case or casket had been left at each door, composed of three divisions, — each division a month; each month divided again into thirty parts, each part a day. Then, in each day was contained how much of golden sunshine, sweet flowers, rich fruits, — vegetables and fruits filled with the sunshine, and with currents of electric life running through all their cells. As each day's separate gifts were opened, the little children stood expectant to see what was to come from it. Strawberries and roses came together in June, raspberries and cherries in July; a long succession of many-colored, many-scented plants diversifying the year. As men plant beds of flowers on their lawn, a mass of red here, and purple there, and white beyond, — diversifying its aspect with these gay colors; so God has planted the year with these alternating and succeeding fruits and flowers and vegetables. Meantime the mornings have dawned serene, and melted into noon, and journeyed on to soft evening and silent night, with troops of summer stars. Winds have played with the summer clouds, and swept them on their way through the great depths of blue air; and have coursed through the leaves, waking them to a many-toned language and song. Each has had its own voice, — the poplars, with their long footstalks, garrulous and prattling evermore; stately firs and spruce, with more solemn voice; and pines, cutting the air with their needles into delicate threads of melody. The birds have sung, the brooks rippled all day long; the ocean has swung long steadfast waves, an everbeating pulse, on the rocky shore. So has each day come, a new gift from God, freighted with beauty, use, health, instruction, opportunity. And, having received

such a gift, ought we not to stop this morning, and thank the Giver, with grateful hearts?

The casket this year has overflowed at both ends. The summer came to us early, and went out reluctantly. Summer came in spring, and stayed over into autumn; so that we here, in cold New England, have had as much summer this year as men usually have in Maryland or Virginia. We have been moved five degrees further South, and our isothermal line has shifted accordingly.

But better than longer sunlight and longer summer has been the happiness we have had in the constant presence of *peace*. For four years, we could enjoy no summer; for our brothers were toiling in the hot South, or sick in Southern hospitals, or fallen on Southern fields of battle. Moreover, the nation's fate was hanging suspended every hour on the dread arbitrament of battle. One morning in 1862, at the end of May, after Banks's retreat, telegrams from Washington called so loudly for help, that the Governor of Massachusetts summoned the whole fighting force of the State to meet on Boston Common. Another morning we rose from our beds to hear the strange story of the "Merrimac" and "Monitor," the sinking of the "Cumberland" and "Congress," and the danger to our fort, fleet, and cities suddenly averted by the providential arrival of that nondescript man-of-war,—the only thing possible which could have saved Fortress Monroe and Washington. Amid such excitements as attended McClellan's campaign in the Peninsula, Pope's campaign, Burnside's battle and Hooker's,—how could we think of summer or spring, of flowers or seashore? Four summers came and went almost unnoticed. But now, with *peace* around us, with the nation safe, with slavery at an end, we draw a long breath, and, with deep thanksgiving at the bottom of our heart, look out once more on the face of nature, and find every thing "very good" as at first in Paradise.

"The world's unwithered countenance
Is fresh as on creation's day."

God, after his manner of giving, has given this luxuriant,

abounding summer to all of us. His sun shines, his rain falls on all his children. He does not *sell* summer,—he gives it. It rolls over the whole land, one great wave of heat, light, verdure, animation, growth. It comes to the children of the poor in the country, on the prairie, and in the city, and makes a vacation for them, by sending them to a new school. Even the children in the city can go to the common, or to the public garden, and see some little scraps of nature,—kiss the hem of her royal robe,—gather the crumbs which fall from her affluent table. But in the country, how the little children revel in the long summer days! how they wander through the woods, and paddle on the lakes, and seek wild berries in the field, and are all the time in God's great primary school, learning the alphabet of his wisdom, goodness, and power,—learning to read the monosyllabic lessons of divine beauty and order! They walk with God, as the disciples walked with Jesus to Emmaus, and their hearts burn within them as he talks to them by the way, and opens to them his elder Scripture,—the oldest testament of all; the tables of the covenant, written by his own finger on the rocky tablets of nature.

For nature is not only overflowed with bounty for our joy: she is a school where we are sent to learn. "Man," says Bacon, "is her interpreter and servant." What have you learned this summer? You have gone to school among the mountains, by the side of the ocean, amid the quiet fields of farming New England. You have sat under elms in the Connecticut valley, and read your book; and your eye has wandered up to the massy multitude of leaves above, waving and flickering like a mighty army on its march; light flashed from ten thousand bayonets. And perhaps you have thought how God, descending from his lofty throne, cared for every little leaf, cutting it into its own curve of beauty; and you knew that this universal Father must touch with an equally patient skill every budding thought and purpose in the human heart of his children. You have walked on the long sandy beach, and seen the ceaseless roll and break of the surf,—seen the immeasurable smile of the ocean;

and calmness has come into your heart, while you said, "The sea is his. This ocean he rolls daily into a thousand gulfs and bays; he sends its tidal waves sweeping round the globe. He lashes it with the tempest; he smooths it with the calm. He sends its currents, like rivers of the sea, ocean streams, bringing ice-water from the poles to cool the tropics; bringing heated water from the equator to melt the ice round Spitzbergen, and make a little summer ten degrees from the pole."

You have gone among the mountains, and have there looked at those sublime forms, rosy in morning and evening twilight, carrying up thousands of acres of woods and rocky pastures into the sky, and from whose bare tops you have looked over a panorama a hundred miles in diameter. So the sense of grandeur and majestic power sinks into the soul. Here, in these untrodden wildernesses, amid these awful solitudes, man ceases to think of himself, and thinks of God.

Thus nature is a school,—primary school, grammar school, high school, university, all in one. She teaches little children their alphabets, while they are at play; teaches them elementary lessons of the qualities of things, of hard and soft, heavy and light, resistance, momentum, ductile, malleable, and elastic. These are her object-lessons. Then she takes those a little older, and shows them the grammar of the world, the laws of language in sea and sky. Man at work has to see how things are related to each other, how they fit together and make sentences. When a carpenter builds a house, and the foundation is not good, or the wood well seasoned, or the room well arranged, that is an ungrammatical sentence. It cannot be parsed. Work carries us further into the knowledge of things than play; for it makes us verify every thing. The men who dig and plant and mine and manufacture; who make shoes and hats; who spin and weave, manufacture glass, make watches, print books,—learn necessarily the qualities of things and the laws of nature. Children playing are in the primary school; man working is in the grammar school. But we only enter the high school and university when we go further, and

take up that greatest work of life, of which the elements are conscience, liberty, and love. To this all things lead; all invite. Summer and winter, nature and society, success and failure, life and death; all point to this highest aim of all, — spiritual growth, religious progress, the salvation of the soul.

But this, nature by herself, cannot teach. She becomes a university, for this higher teaching, only as she is interpreted for us by God's voice through inspired souls, by God's voice in our own soul. Then the school becomes a church.

If the summer has brought you only passive pleasure, only selfish indulgence, then it has been wasted. Rest is good, and joy is good, but as they lead to something higher and better. For man is so made that he can never rest contented in any merely passive joy. He can only be contented when he is making progress. There are no landing-places on the stairway of human ascent. You may give a man or woman every wish of their heart. You may give them the purse of Fortunatus, never empty; the miraculous carpet, on which they can journey through the air, from place to place, over sea and land, by a mere wish. They may have St. Leon's gift of renewed youth; they may go to the tropics, and have a perpetual summer. But all this is not heaven. All this, by itself, will not satisfy them for more than a few weeks. The soul is not made to be satisfied so. The only thing which satisfies it, and makes a perfect rest, which turns all things to gold, and earth to heaven, is a heavenly life; that is, *a life in which we have plenty to know, plenty to love, and plenty to do, — and are making progress to more knowledge, love, and use, all the time.*

It was to teach us this that Christ came; to teach us this that the Holy Spirit comes daily to our soul; that God knocks at the door of our hearts.

This teaches us that we only have plenty to know, when we see God in all things; only plenty to love, when we love God in all his creatures; only plenty to do, when we serve him by making ourselves useful to all.

I have taken my text from the passage in Jeremiah which

says, "The summer is ended." But this text is commonly chosen as the subject of the last sermon preached at a revival meeting. When all the converts have been baptized and taken into the church, then the minister preaches a sermon from this passage: "The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved."

I also would ask, "Are *we* saved?" Summer, rest, and joy will not save us. All the joy in the universe heaped on us would not save us! Put us into heaven, put us by the right hand of God, that will not save us. It is to drink of the cup which Christ drinks of, and to be baptized with his baptism that saves us. We are safe then, — safe from the perils which belong to the great power of freedom which is in all of us, — only when we are doing what Christ did; seeing God in all things, loving God in all things, and serving God by serving all his children. He who is living in this spirit, even though he is no saint, though he has a thousand faults, though he is stumbling and falling day by day, though he seems to himself a poor creature, and does not seem much better to any one else, is safe; safe here, safe hereafter. All things will work for his good, and he will not be afraid of any evil tidings.

Evil tidings are always arriving. Danger is always near. We seem to have been living, even in this peaceful summer, in the midst of terrible dangers and fearful crimes. The sweetness of nature has not saved us. Fiends in the form of men commit awful crimes in the midst of our peaceful villages, and pollute serene nature with their brutal deeds. Men in the enjoyment of social ease and affluence rob and cheat those who trust them, till we can hardly tell who is to be trusted. A young man, who already in youth enjoys a colossal fortune, takes to gambling in stocks and money, and loses four millions of dollars at this enormous *Rouge et Noir* table which we call the Gold Board. A dear child in the midst of placid nature, in the hour of amusement, struck by a sudden accident, drops dead; and we shall see no more the fair face, hear no more the brilliant sentences, know no more here of that accomplished soul. What shall make us safe? Not summer

days, not the shield of devoted love, not all the bulwarks which civilization and fortune place around us: nothing can make us safe, but a life hid with Christ in God. And by this I mean nothing mystical, nothing extraordinary: I mean the simple purpose and habit of living with our heavenly Father wherever we are, — being in his presence; seeing him in nature, history, life; and going as Christ went about his business, while we do our own. Then we are safe, even on a railroad train, even in a brokers' board on Wall Street, just as safe as in a church or prayer-meeting. Then if we fall, struck dead by sudden accident, we fall, as, in the play of Lear, Gloucester thinks himself falling from Dover cliff, and drops on the soft grass by his feet. We fall, through death, into the arms of God outspread to receive us. We fall from love into larger love; from knowledge into deeper knowledge; from usefulness here, into the uses, whatever they may be, of the great world yonder.

The sun, which makes summer, seems the natural type of Deity. Astronomers tell us, indeed, that in winter the earth is nearer the sun than in summer. So sometimes we are nearer God in the chill and loneliness of our heart, than in our joy. We feel that we are wandering away into outer darkness; but God holds us near himself, waiting till our hearts turn toward him, and so receive their summer affluence and influence out of his radiance. Summer comes, not because the sun is any nearer to us, but because our part of the earth is turned up to it. Turn up your hearts to God. *Sursum corda.* Lift them up toward God, — the God of peace and love, — who images himself in nature, in this magnificent orb of day. No wonder that so many races of men have worshipped the sun. In how many ways does it resemble its Maker! Like God, it shines on the evil and the good. It is the eye of the world, seeing all things, only never seeing a shadow: as God cannot look on evil; for evil, when he looks on it, becomes purified in his light. All life, movement, activity, it is well said, come from the sun. It hides itself from us, like God, in an excess of light. The most brilliant light which man can produce, even the electric light, makes only a

black spot on the surface of the sun ; and so our brightest wisdom is only folly before God. As the sun marches through his twelve houses he creates the seasons, — spring, summer, autumn, winter ; and so God creates evermore in human life the revolving seasons of childhood, youth, manhood, and age. The sun, as the French poet Ronsard sings, —

“ Rests *without rest* ; stands still, but makes no stay, —
Nature’s first-born, and father of the day.”

As the sun reaches out into the farthest depths of space with irresistible force, and yet moves all things according to a great unchanging order ; so God governs the universe, not by pure will, but by will and law. Even the spots on the solar surface are now found to have their law of periodic return, and come and go in cycles of years. So the darkness which seems to hide the face of God, the total eclipse of faith which chills the heart and mind, and the doubts which pass across our belief like spots on the sun, have also their laws, which we shall one day understand, as we now understand the laws of the solar eclipse, which once terrified impious nations with fear of an eternal night.

So, as we never tire of sunlight, let us rejoice in the sunshine of God. As in the morning we love to see the glorious lamp of the regent of day, “ jocund to run his longitude through heaven’s high road ; ” while “ the gray dawn and the Pleiades dance before him, shedding sweet influence ; ” so rejoice when God’s morning dawns in the heart, though its light be as yet gray and dull. As the planets repair to the sun to draw light in their golden urns, and the morning star gilds the duplicate horns of her bediamonded crescent at its beams ; so let all our minds draw truth from God, and in *this* light see light. And as we love to linger to see the sun descending in the west, with wheels bending over the ocean-brim, and shooting his dewy ray parallel to the earth ; so rejoice when our human life fades away from us in a sunset of radiance, and we see the night coming when we fall asleep to dream of God, and wake again in his presence. Even the great sun sinks away out of our sight, and

seems to perish every day ; but we know that sinking here, he is rising there. This week there was a sunset of uncommon beauty. The western sky flamed with dusky red and rosy yellow, and was swept with stormy clouds, but interpenetrated everywhere with warm, celestial radiance ; while a rainbow in the east seemed to say, " Sink, dear sun ; but sink in hope to rise again in joy." So let our life go down, attended with cloudy witnesses and rainbow promises of the past and the future.

The final question therefore is, Are we saved with a Christian salvation ? Are we living with or without God in the world ? Have we, with this human peace which makes our land rejoice, also the peace of God which passes all understanding ? Yesterday, the 54th Regiment marched through Boston, on its return from the war, and was disbanded. Ah ! could we do our work as that regiment has done its work ! Those humble men, that despised race, have been chosen by God as his instruments in putting down the proud rebellion. When they fought and fell at Fort Wagner, they shook the hearts of the South with terror at the thought of slaves turned into soldiers. They have helped to achieve the safety of the nation, and the deliverance of their race. So God chooses " the weak things of the earth to confound the things that are mighty ; and base things of the earth, and things despised, hath God chosen, yea, and things which are not, to bring to nought things which are."

So, though summer be ended, the better part of summer need not be ended. We shall take it with us into winter. Whatever we have seen of God in nature, felt of God in our hearts, and done for God with our hands, makes a perpetual summer within. The outward summer comes and goes : the summer of the heart shall abide for evermore.

WE can no more detach what we do in our lives from what we are in our souls, than we can separate heat or light from their essential principles, or expect to enjoy either in the absence of the conditions in which their existence is involved.

STREET TALK.

"WAS N'T that a beautiful boy?"

"Who? that one that just passed?"

"Yes: such fair, flowing locks; so delicate a cheek; an eye so pure; and a mouth of such simplicity and sweetness."

"Well: you certainly did not observe so much just in an instant's passing, — did you? You must have quick eyes."

"No: I have seen him before; I have some knowledge of him; I know his family quite well, and see in him the traits that exhibit themselves more strongly in the older members."

"Well: what kind of a boy is he? Does he answer to all the beautiful description you give of him?"

"Not altogether. He has some selfishnesses. He is a bud, not a blossom, — shut up too much in himself. He is a little afraid of being too generous and opening too wide. He does not know how fair and sweet he might be, if he would open himself to the sunshine, and shed abroad the perfume of a true goodness."

It is singular how much we see in people's faces and manners, indicative most clearly of qualities the possession of which they are quite unconscious.

Yes: when I first saw that boy, I was greatly struck with his appearance. My heart went out to him at once. Yet I had no information about him. I doubt even if his own family saw in him all that I in a moment saw. Familiarity had drawn a veil over him; and the common evils of boyhood had made a disguise for him. Doubtless, in the depths of their heart, they earnestly loved him; but the love between them was comparatively an old story, and did not rise to so vivid a sentiment as I felt myself.

So I have often found on looking at strangers. And is it not very singular, that a boy so often will be going about in society and the street, with his early beauty of face, touching people's hearts, and moving them at once to a warm and tender love, and he himself will know nothing of it?

Yes : so the young man who came running to our Saviour to inquire about the way of life, and whom our Saviour, seeing him, loved, probably had but the faintest conception of the feeling he awakened. Perhaps he had no idea that he had awakened any, or could awaken any feeling at all. "The meanest flower that blows could," in the poet's heart, "give thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears : " but the flower is unconscious ; and, if the tear should actually come and fall upon its petals, it would not know it came from the fountain in the human heart ; it would not know the tear from a dew-drop.

No ; but could we tell boys and girls and young men and women, and older persons too, how much kindly emotion, how much interest and respect and tenderness, they awaken, what a revelation it might be to them ! And only suppose that some persons knew how very deeply, just in passing in the street, they touched the hearts of others, what a revelation that might be ! If the beautiful knew not when they may have touched some coarser heart to coarse issues, but knew when they touched some fine heart to some fine issues ; and those not called beautiful, if they could know when they touched pure hearts with thought and interest and love ; if these, and many more, knew what influences they shed ; if the old man could know when the heart of the stranger was moved to respect and veneration, — would not all such persons have a deeper interest in life, a rich satisfaction in bestowing so much good, in being the means, though without intention and without consciousness, of conferring so much happiness ? A rich man, worth his millions, could not in any way confer so much, if every day in the street he scattered pieces of gold abundantly as he walked, as the face of a young person, a good person, a handsome person, whose beauty is not of sense, but of expression of character, every day bestows. The violet in the wood, and the star in the sky, and the moonlight on the walk with its heavy shadows, and all that is sweet and beautiful in nature, is the medium of most lovely influences. Perhaps it is as well that childhood and youth, boyhood and girlhood, loveliness

and venerableness in men and women, should be equally unconscious mediums. But there is a world of wealth around us, lavished from human countenances. If young people knew of it, how much hope and ambition, what prospects and what resolutions, it might awaken in them!—how it might set them upon valuing the world in return, upon thinking better of life, and attempting a character in reality, where now they sometimes grow up morally as much the sport of circumstances, apparently, as the vegetables in the garden.

Many persons in the world think all the world is cold. They are told so; books often say so; conversation often says so; and they see coldness manifested towards others, and meet some of it themselves. With a very hurried thought, they often reach the conclusion, that this is a truth about the coldness of the world: and so they shut themselves up; feed upon their own melancholy; deny the growth of their kindlier sympathies, out of fear that such sympathies are weak or wrong. They feel themselves isolated and wronged; and hence come temptations and corruptions numberless, dreadful.

I do not conceive that the world is cold; but we seem to me oftentimes to be encased in impenetrable armor, from which we cannot get out, or utter a sound, or reach forth a hand. We live in masks, not of our own assuming. They grow upon us as the shell upon the turtle, and sometimes case us all around. But we live within, and have our feelings there; as warm a life as the furnace with its doors shut. What a good plan it would be, if we could only get some way to introduce people to one another,—not by their mere names, but by their own better, truer, inward selves!

Truly, I should like to say—but I know of no words in which to say it—to this young lad, that, wherever he goes, he is loved; that, despite all the coldness or repulsiveness of some, there is still an atmosphere of goodness all around him; that he is moving in the midst of a spiritual life, which, if it does not burst through all the conventionalisms of society, is real, pure, and beautiful; and that, if he will only

renounce a little of his own self, he will with pure mind be quite able to see it.

But it is not exactly true, that he will certainly, in all circumstances, be in the midst of such an atmosphere. Is it not promising a little too much, if we say that we ourselves would be component elements of such an atmosphere? Are we not often really cold, being absorbed in our own pursuits, fixed on our own objects, without tenderness and generosity enough to see really the heart of another in the midst of his own very common life? I think I have known of a minister who was so absorbed in his thinking about a charity-sermon he was preparing, about his arguments to prove the blessings of being charitable, and his persuasive exhortations to the people whom he was to address, that, when a beggar happened to call at the door at that moment to tell his story, to beg a visit to his house and ask for temporary relief, the poor minister had no heart to descend to him, no calmness to listen to him, no faith to see that the beggar himself was the best paragraph in the sermon, if he was attended to; but, coldly or impatiently dismissed, the sermon came near to being only a rhetorical production, — the grace of God, that should inspire it, going way with the beggar. What if the beggar had been the Master himself clothed there in rags, in order to try the preacher, or perhaps to inspire him? Doubtless the Master was there. Pity the minister had not gone down to the front-door to see.

I admit that we do not, in all our moments, obtain an insight into our neighbors' hearts. I admit that business overwhelms us, and that, having chosen our objects, we fix upon them with a tenacity that is akin to craziness. In pursuit of the means, like the miser, we forget the end and use. Yet I think — for I have seen so much in society — that there is an immensity of this spirit of good in the world, and our young man might come across it, if he only knew of its existence. And is it not very sad to think, that, for want of knowledge of it, and want of faith that should set him to thinking about it, and searching for it, and keeping determined to find it, he will perhaps shut himself up more

and more, growing more and more like what he fancies the cold world to be? Do you suppose, if you meet him ten years hence, he will strike you as being as handsome as he appears now? Or do you think that care will have shaded the brightness of his face, dimmed a little or a good deal the light of his eye; and wilfulness, and perhaps some conscious and willing sins, have changed the sweet curvature of his mouth, so as to express feelings and principles far different from those it now seems most fitted to express? His very brow seems to have an expression of innocence and loveliness now; but time may write wrinkles on it that will tell a far different story.

Not necessarily. I am not one of those who believe youth certainly the best, the most moral period of life. How many men we know who are far better now than when they were boys. They know more; and, in their increase of knowledge, they honestly see the follies of their childhood; and, in growing strength, they are firmer in good purposes. I can find many men of handsome faces, — faces that tell of sweet dispositions, and wise thoughts, and correct purposes. Men do not always show themselves in their talk at the counter, in the counting-room, at the bench, on the wharf. They are given up there to the objects they think it essential to pursue; and those objects do not always give to them the knowledge of opportunities for the exercise of their better natures. But into how many houses you may go of these same men, and see much goodness. You hear them talk about their children, about their boys at school, and how anxious as parents they are for the education of their children, and what a pure and blessed confidence they have in their children's purity of heart, pureness of speech, pureness of living; and see what grief, what wretchedness, it would be to them to know that their beloved boy was at all defiled within. I have seen a sharp lawyer, whom I would not like to have against me in a case at law, either for his argument or his wit, who has come near bringing tears to my eyes, when I have seen him with his only daughter, a girl of some twelve summers, — winters she never had

known in his home and love ; and he seemed to himself, as he walked with her, to be walking with an angel. He was himself when he was with her ; he was out of himself, and only in his business, when he was at court.

I doubt not that men are often much better than they seem. What would you say to an old man, seventy or seventy-five years old, as much in love with his wife as when he made her his bride in their youth ? The world, as we call it, might meet such a man in his business, and never know the freshness, the greenness, of his heart. They might think him far from beautiful ; but who can believe that a man can live the married life fifty years, through all the hardness of life, its struggles and its disappointments, its rivalries and its success, and yet be young at heart, without some intrinsic and essential goodness ?

And as to the hard countenances of men, that tell so little of their inward lives, or any goodness remaining, what thoughts come to you, when you stand by the silent face of the dead, and see it beautiful in its calm repose ? All the care of life, sorrow and anguish, and sometimes sin, have not availed to spoil the original formation, to destroy this beauty of innocence and youth. All that they have done is to give a temporary deformity, to impose an expression that can never get wrought in, howsoever habitual it may be. And so it seems to me, that all these influences that still leave the face at last as God made it, lovely, are equally powerless, in such instances, to destroy the intrinsic innocence or beauty of the character. And if sometimes or often we should think that very likely or possibly men's interior characters do get intrinsically ruined, yet I hope, that, even with those who seemed to us to be very far gone, is not always so. Quiet of death, beautiful repose, innocence manifest even in the unliving flesh, I hope that these tell the true story of many a life. And when I look on this beautiful boy that just now we saw, and so many beside, I get an inspiration of encouragement from the thought that such beauty, very likely, never will be changed. Such a hope may well aid any one in the work of saving the young, and of redeeming the lost.

E. B.

RANDOM READINGS.

MR. BROOKS'S PLAN.

REV. CHARLES BROOKS, of Medford, has projected a plan which proposes to bring the benefits of schools, like those of New England, within the reach of every child in the United States. It has been presented to Congress by a petition from Medford; and Mr. Brooks has laid it before the President, who regards it with the deepest interest. Members of Congress from different sections are also interested in it. "Send on petitions," they say, "and enlist the press." Congress cannot impose this plan upon the States; but it can grant them lands severally for this purpose, and hold out to them inducements to adopt it. Now is the day and hour to begin the work, and pierce the solid masses of ignorance with rays of light, — masses of ignorance without which the late war would have been impossible. Send on the petitions, then, till they flood the capital. Let Mr. Brooks draw up his circular, and the people will sign it by the million. S.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON'S VOW AND FAREWELL.

THE "Liberator" is no more. It opened the warfare against slavery, and ceases with its death. Mr. Garrison's salutatory dates Jan. 1, 1831; and his valedictory closes with December, 1865. There is a moral grandeur in these thirty-five years of moral warfare, for which we shall hardly find a parallel in history. Heedless of scorn and threat and obloquy, and the seductions of self-interest or ease, these thirty-five years went on, under the steady inspiration of one great idea, until God struck the hour, and the shackles fell. The following lines record Mr. Garrison's vow, which he took thirty-five years ago. History will record how nobly it was kept.

"Oppression! I have seen thee, face to face,
 And met thy cruel eye and cloudy brow;
 But thy soul-withering glance I fear not now,—
 For dread to prouder feelings doth give place
 Of deep abhorrence! Scorning the disgrace
 Of slavish knees that at thy footstool bow
 I also kneel, but with far other vow
 Do hail thee and thy herd of hirelings base:—
 I swear, while life-blood warms my throbbing veins,
 Still to oppose and thwart, with heart and hand,
 Thy brutalizing sway,—till Afric's chains
 Are burst, and Freedom rules the rescued land,—
 Trampling oppression and his iron rod:
Such is the vow I take,—SO HELP ME GOD!"

WM. LLOYD GARRISON.

PRE-EXISTENCE OF SOULS.

THE Beechers, Charles and Edward, both hold the Platonic doctrine, that we all of us existed in some pre-existent state, and that our life here is a sort of purgatory to cleanse us from former sin. Hence they relieve Orthodoxy, they think, of the odium of original sin. We are born sinful, because we sinned elsewhere.

Curious it is, that not only Plato and his disciples, and the Brahmans before them, believed in pre-existence; but men of genius, down to the present time, give us hints that they are impressed with it. Wordsworth had poetic glimpses of it in the "clouds of glory" which the child trails after him from a former world. Sir Walter Scott (see Lockhart's *Life*) was sometimes haunted with this notion even painfully. "I cannot tell," says he, "if it be worth marking down, that yesterday I was strongly haunted with what I would call a sense of pre-existence, in a confirmed idea that nothing which passed was said for the first time. The sensation was so strong as to resemble what is called a *mirage* in the desert, or a caleutur on board a ship. It was very distressing yesterday, and brought to my mind the fancies of Bishop Berkeley about an ideal world. There was a vile sense of want of reality in all I did and said."

James Hogg, the poet, was sometimes haunted with the same feeling. So was Sir Bulwer Lytton, who describes it as "that strange kind of inner and spiritual memory which often recalls to us persons and places we have never seen before, and which the

Platonists would resolve to be the unquenched and struggling consciousness of a former life." We might quote half a dozen others to the same point, and theories of psychologists who have tried to "account" for the facts. Truth is, we apprehend there is no other accounting for them than the fact of the soul's immateriality, stirred and lifted up at times with trains of association that run beyond its prison-house of sense, away off into glades and dissolving vistas which transcend the limits of our earthly experience. We have not lived personally in any other world; but gleams come down through its vistas, which seem like trails of glory which we brought out of it. They would come oftener, if we would keep our minds the peaceful mirror of the heavens, till they seemed like the remembered imagery of our departed innocence. So Wordsworth:—

"Dread Power, whom Peace and Calmness serve,
No less than Nature's threatening voice!
If aught unworthy be my choice,
From thee if I would swerve,
Oh, let thy grace remind me of the light
Full early lost and fruitlessly deplored,
Which at this moment on my waking sight
Appears to shine, by miracle restored!"

8.

THE AUTHOR OF THE "THREE EXPERIMENTS OF LIVING."

A COMMEMORATIVE WORD.

Died in this city, Dec. 27, Mrs. HANNAH F. LEE, widow of the late George Gardiner Lee, aged eighty-five years.

It is fifty years since the death of Mr. Lee; and it is a long time since Mrs. Lee appeared much in society. So that there must be many persons, who have not understood by this announcement, all that it really means. During a long period, Mrs. Lee was a lady distinguished for social position in Boston, and by literary reputation, and also for manners, wit, and goodness. She was the daughter of Dr. Micajah Sawyer, of Newburyport, and was born Nov. 5, A.D. 1780. About the year 1806, she became the wife of George G. Lee, of Boston, a gentleman of scientific attainments and high character. On the death of her husband in 1816,

she was taken, with her children, by her brother, William Sawyer, to reside with him; which she continued to do to the end of Mr. Sawyer's life in 1858.

Of the good and great of the last generation there were none probably in Boston, and but few in New England, and not many perhaps in the United States, but were known to her personally; and, for some of them at least, her acquaintance was among their greatest pleasures. Accidentally, the writer of this notice has, at this moment, a letter in which William E. Channing acknowledges a kind act of hers, in the first year of his residence in Boston; and, to the end of the life of Dr. Channing, Mrs. Lee was his intimate friend and near neighbor.

In 1830, she published "*Grace Seymour, a Tale of American History*;" and, at intervals subsequently, "*Three Experiments of Living*," "*Luther and his Times*," "*Cranmer and his Times*," "*The Huguenots in France and America*," and "*Sketches of the Old Painters*." In 1855, she published two volumes on "*Sculpture and Sculptors*." This work was written by her long after she was threescore years and ten. She undertook it as a help towards steadying her mind while suffering from the shock of losing a dear sister. In the same year with this last work, she published a "*Memoir of Pierre Toussaint*," a negro of New York, who had formerly been a slave in St. Domingo, and whom she called her friend. Of these books, several attained to a very large circulation, both in this country and in England.

Mrs. Lee had great taste for art, and was herself very fond of sketching and painting. But, in her daily conversation, she was herself, for grace and wit and wisdom, far better than her books or her drawings. The charm of her presence, however, is no more to be described than the sunshine is; and it really was the shining of a nature rich in itself, and richly polished, and singularly translucent. Her mind, indeed, was not darkened or enfeebled by any affectations whatever, either of opinions, good or bad, which she did not thoroughly hold, or of feelings which she did not heartily entertain. Her yea was yea, and her nay was nay. And, for this reason, her conversation was always fresh; and sometimes, too, from the same cause, it pointed farther on than she herself saw: while at other times, in the same way, it took on some of the quaint effects of Sir Thomas Browne or Izaak Walton.

But, indeed, her mind was what it was, chiefly from the manner in which it was lit up by the fires of her heart. She was a warm friend, and she had charity for everybody and every thing. Nor was her charity weakness at all, although it was ready for both the evil and the good, and for just and unjust alike. She gave freely of her money in public, and freely all around her, far and near, when there was no trumpet to report her deeds. She gave, however, much more than the money, which she could easily spare. She gave sympathy, encouragement. And what are now public institutions in Boston were strengthened, when they were but feeble purposes, by the influence of her word and pen.

Religiously, she had the same simplicity which she had intellectually. Trust in the Lord never failed her. The goodness of God was a living conviction; or, rather, it was like a perpetual inspiration with her. It was something which she knew of; and, in the sublimity of that knowledge, she smiled at the many inventions which men find out scientifically, historically, and theologically, and with which they bewilder themselves as creatures of God.

In going over to the majority, as the ancients called it, she went after many dear friends in Christ, and after all her children, and after almost every friend of her youth. During the last months of her life, while the outer world was being shut off from her, she was more and more absorbed by the inner and the spiritual. Humbly, trustfully, joyfully, she felt with the poet,—

"My thoughts are with the dead; anon
My place with them shall be;
And I, with them, shall travel on
To all eternity."

GLEANINGS FROM FOREIGN PERIODICALS.

THE form of prayer, prescribed by an English archbishop, to be used with reference to the cattle plague, continues to be the subject of much animated discussion in the London journals. In drawing up this form, the prelate followed the biblical phraseology, which ascribes every thing to the direct agency of God; while he aimed to produce only emotional, devout impressions. He little anticipated the discussion he would provoke among scien-

tific readers. It has opened the great question of faith and providence, of general laws, and answers to prayer. No less than four letters on these subjects appear in a late number of the "London Examiner." One writer says, "The archbishop's prayer does indeed make 'the judicious grieve.' I suppose we may safely say, that every man of the world who has brains enough to let him see life as it really is, has long since given up the idea of special judgments. It is certainly astounding, that the highest dignitary in the Church of the world's foremost nation should revive this old world superstition, and should represent a Being of infinite justice and mercy visiting divers unenumerated sins on those of us who cannot afford it, by a rise of some fourpence per pound on beef, which is no punishment to the rich. It is difficult to imagine that His Grace really believes it possible that the Omnipotent is racking the limbs of our cows with pain, and making them die a death of torture, because we men have been wicked; and it is indeed degrading to the boasted advancement of the age, to find one in the archbishop's position so fashioning God in the image of man, as to impute to him such human attributes as the frailties of revenge and malice." Another writer on this same subject, in the same journal, says, "It is, I apprehend, the work set before this generation, to complete the Reformation, not by divorcing dogma from religion, not by throwing the Bible overboard, not by trying to cut off the present from the past, but by substituting, in place of this notion of a truth left behind us in the past, the notion of a truth moving with us, and growing continually clearer as we advance. If we assume that in the Bible we have the record of the early stages of a continuous system of Divine teaching, carried on by the use of human faculties, without superseding them, we can refresh ourselves with the warmth of devotion and trust and hope and love breathing from its pages, without shutting our eye to the light of knowledge spread around ourselves to-day." These quotations may give some idea of the profoundness of the points in discussion. The controversy is at least an evidence of some religious thought and life, and, if properly conducted, must issue in more just conceptions of the true office of prayer, and of the methods of the Divine government of the world.

WHILE so much is said in the papers of the day about the capacity of the negro, and his capability of self-support and self-care,

something may be learned on these points from the reports of those who have seen the negro in his own country. Captain Speke's *Journal* of his two years' life, in journeying across the entire continent of Africa, is instructive on the points above named. The explorer started with a theory on the negro question, which would have satisfied the most rabid proslavery propagandist: for he says in his preface, that "our poor elder brother Ham was cursed by his father, and condemned to be the slave of both Shem and Japheth;" and in his visits to all the coast-bordering tribes, where the horrors of the slave-trade have made the natives deceitful, lying, lazy, cruel, he finds, as he thinks, ample confirmations of his theory, and speaks of the negroes as scoundrels and devils. It is remarkable to observe, that when he gets into the interior of Africa, among people not debased by contact with the rapacity and cruelty of slave-hunters, even Captain Speke alters his tone of reference to them. He found the people there living in settled habitations, carrying agriculture to much perfection, having roads, fences, useful arts; in short, sustaining by intelligence and industry an established and progressive civilization. Of one district, Ndongo, he says, "It was a perfect paradise for negroes; as fast as they sowed, they were sure of a crop without much trouble; though I must say they kept their huts and their gardens in excellent order." Of another district, the Meruka, he says, "I felt inclined to stop here a month, every thing was so very pleasant. The temperature was perfect. The roads, as indeed they were everywhere, were as broad as our coach roads, cut through the long grasses, straight over the hills, and down through the woods in the dells, — a strange contrast to the wretched tracks in all the adjacent countries. The huts were kept so clean and so neat, not a fault could be found with them; the gardens the same. Wherever I strolled, I saw nothing but richness, and what ought to be wealth."

A CORRESPONDENT of a Paris journal, writing from Naples, gives an account of attempts to suppress one of the old customs of that city. As the season of Advent approaches, thousands of flute-players have, for ages, come down from the neighboring mountains, to play and chant some favorite airs in front of the Madonnas, everywhere seen in the shops, and at the corners of the streets. They are clothed in sheepskins, as they were in the time of Hannibal, and are as ignorant and savage as they were then.

Their *newwaines*, as their new-year songs are called, are now addressed to the Madonna, while formerly similar airs were sung to the images of their pagan worship. Their chants are often kept up late at night, and not unfrequently bring on bloody encounters between the citizens and these wild visitors from the mountains. At any rate, their periodical incursions belong to the old era of superstition, and do not comport with the order of things which the new civilization demands. This is but one intimation of the conflict going on in various parts of Italy, between old traditional Catholicism, and new ideas, new hopes, new progress, not yet ripened into Protestantism, but tending in that direction.

NOTES FROM THE OIL-WELLS OF PENNSYLVANIA.

THE first thing reminding us of our approach to "the oil regions" was the marked absence of lady-travellers in the cars. Rather rough, business-like looking men literally filled the cars, until something approaching to a "jam" occurred, — each apparently intent upon some absorbing errand. The very air and manner of each bespoke something unusually absorbing. Nothing indeed but such an interest, or an intense curiosity, could draw men to these regions, we judge, and for the most obvious of reasons.

THE ESCAPING GAS.

As we approach to "Oil City," the blackened foliage of the trees, the grass, and very stones upon the hill-sides, told us that at last we had reached the spot we were seeking, — the "Oil-wells." The smoke of burning coals, and fumes of gases from the wells perpetually ascending, had wrought the most singular change upon the face of nature. Nor is this all. One intense *smell* of gas, wherever one goes, perpetually reminds one of the wells. Even at a distance of some miles from them, he is yet assailed by this strong effluvia from the subterranean regions. About a mile east of Pit Hole is a "gas-well," which for weeks has been pouring out measureless quantities of this fluid. We ascertained on the spot, that, at about six hundred feet down, a heavy vein of gas was struck, which came up with such tremendous force that all further

work must cease. It was tubed, to give the gas an easy escape; and now, for more than ten weeks, it has continually poured off gas enough in quantity to light a city, we should think. It roars like Niagara, and, when lighted at night, illuminates the whole country in the vicinity. Could the gas from these wells be as easily and well secured as the oil, it is quite certain that it would be well-nigh as great a source of income. It is the escaping gas that makes the "flowing wells," — that is, the spontaneous delivery of oil from them. Then consider that these flowing wells average between three hundred and two thousand barrels per day, and it will be at once seen what a tremendous waste of one fluid there is in securing the other.

"PIT HOLE."

This is a city of between eight and ten thousand inhabitants, with its hotels (the "United States," the "Plymouth Rock," the "St. Nicholas," &c.), its theatre, and daily paper, "The Pit-Hole Daily Gazette," and also churches in process of construction.

No one would suppose, from the appearance of the city, that it is not yet one year old; yet such is the fact. We saw the little farmhouse, that, not a year ago, stood there solitary and alone, in a region about the wildest of any in that naturally wild, rough country. In the most neighborly proximity also, and in large numbers, stand the *derricks*. Within and underneath them are carried forward ceaselessly the work of "boring" and "pumping," to obtain the all-essential fluid. Looking at them in the dim distance, they present an appearance not unlike an army of giants. They tell stories of bad investments as well as of success.

THE SAND ROCKS.

The oil is not found except in the strata of certain *sand rocks*; and in these rocks it is obtained from different strata, and is of varying qualities, — some being light, and others heavy. The latter is used for lubricating purposes. In some places, it is found in the second strata; in others, in the third. At Pit Hole, it is obtained from the fourth; and, more recently, in "Stewart's Run," it is found in the fifth strata of the sand rocks. It appears to lie in pools, which are connected with each other by veins, or fissures. When one of these is fortunately struck in boring, the oil will sometimes spout up from the earth as the blood spouts from a severed artery. But, more commonly, the mud and *débris* must first

be sucked up from the crevices of the rocks before the oil will begin to flow. Some wells always have to be pumped, and some yield oil from the solid rock, showing that these rocks are thoroughly impregnated with the gas and oil.

THE ROADS.

If one would see roads an hundred-fold worse than he ever imagined, let him go thither. Thousands of loaded wagons are daily driven over them, and everybody appears to be too much engaged to repair them. The townships, through which these roads pass, have apparently given up the task in despair. Any adequate description of them would seem fabulous, indeed, and might serve to endanger one's reputation for veracity. The greatest wonder about it is, how loaded teams ever manage to get over and through them at all. Wrecks of wagons bestrew the waysides of these roads, more or less on every side; but newly constructed railroads are rapidly coming to the rescue. Over these roads one may ride, if he chooses, in a stage-coach, some ten or twelve miles, for the sum of three dollars; or he may try some other mode of locomotion at about the same rate. For our own part, we tried the most primitive method, rejoicing in the maxim, "If you would keep your legs, use them." We had reason to be thankful for our choice; for we saved not only our money, but escaped a "smart chance" of broken limbs, beside coming in ahead of the stage in good time, comparatively.

DRUNKENNESS AND PROFANITY.

It is an interesting fact, that, among all the persons employed and interested in the works at these wells, we saw no single case of drunkenness, nor did we hear any profanity, — a phenomenon quite as interesting as any other. It may be explained in one way or another. Our own account of it is, that the interests of the persons there engaged are so great, so exciting and absorbing, and so keen and enthusiastic are their expectations, that they find no time for idleness and drinking, and even cease to use that vocabulary of hell which has its origin, first of all, in man's natural depravity, and is brought forth by idleness and bad company. Men in these regions appear graver, more earnest and manly in their bearing, than elsewhere in general; and the writer hereof believes most sincerely, that causing one who is not wholly lost in

inebriety to become interested and absorbed in these works would go farther to reform him from that vice than any other ordinary means.

Employees, also, naturally follow the example of their employer, and hence the moral phenomena in general alluded to. Let no one suppose, though, that these places are wholly free from these vices. They are not; but the practice of them, in general, is, for the most part, confined to travellers and others visiting these regions, of whom there are thousands daily. We have repeatedly read accounts not much in praise of the men of the oil regions, and noticed, therefore, with all the more surprise, these interesting facts in regard to them. In saying these things, however, we only state what we observed as a *general rule*. Of course it has exceptions, though we neither heard nor saw a single instance of the sort.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY

Is of daily occurrence. Robbers infest the woods through which the public roads pass, and there practise their inhuman and bloody science in open day upon unsuspecting travellers. We were comparatively safe as regards *the money part*; but still we deemed it needful to go prepared to respond (if we must) to these gentry, according to the terms of their own profession. The lessons of our country's great struggle have taught us, that *there are* times and circumstances when one *must* resort to other modes of action than those which are prescribed by the rules of non-resistance.

F—.

"VIEW life as discipline, and you have the solution of all its enigmas, and a justification of all its ills. Use it as discipline, and you can never be quite overcome by its sorrows. It is because we do not so view it and use it, that we quarrel with our lot. Believe that your lot, however crossed, is the best possible lot for you, the only one by which the ends of life for you can be attained. Believe, in all tribulation and trial, that God has considered your particular case, and adjusted the course of nature to it, as if nature existed for your behoof; not to gratify your selfish appetite, not to pamper your sense with sweets, or your pride with pomps, but to draw from you the uttermost that is in you of worth and of work." — *Dr. Hedge*.

LITERARY NOTICES.

Life and Times of Gardiner Spring is a work in two volumes, published by Charles Scribner & Co., New York. It is made up of personal reminiscences and correspondence, covering a long, devoted, and useful life, given in a pleasant and genial way. The writer uses the first person constantly, but without any offensive egotism. The narrative carries us back among the men of a past generation, reflecting faithfully the spirit of the former times. Dr. Spring is known as a man of the most rigid orthodoxy, deep piety, and kindness of heart; and this autobiography must be warmly welcomed by a large circle of friends, who are soon to look no more upon his white locks and earnest countenance. It will be read, too, beyond this circle for its historical value. A striking portrait is given. S.

Ten Lectures on the Book of Revelation. By WILLIAM B. HAYDEN, a Minister of the New-Jerusalem Church. Boston: T. H. Carter.

Swedenborg, in three volumes, entitled "The Apocalypse Revealed," has expounded the spiritual sense of the Book of Revelation. It is, in our view, the clearest evolution of Swedenborg's principles of exegesis, and abundantly more reasonable and self-consistent than the interpretations of Dr. Cummings and his school. The latter reason from things natural to things natural; the former, from things natural to spiritual. Mr. Hayden is one of the best writers of the New Church, and in these ten lectures gives, in his very lucid style, the meaning of Swedenborg's Symbolism in the Apocalypse. The first lecture vindicates the New-Church method of interpretation, and the others show it in its application in some of the principal groupings of imagery in the Book of Revelation. It makes a neat volume of 228 pages. S.

The Consecrated Life: a Discourse occasioned by the Death of Mr. George Livermore. By HENRY C. BADGER. A worthy tribute to one of the best of men.

The Positive Philosophy of Auguste Comte, republished by Wm. V. Spencer from the "Westminster Review," making a volume of 182 pages, gives the most complete idea of Positivism anywhere to be had, and in John Stuart Mill's perfectly transparent diction. Comte is Hegel gone to seed, or the Kantian philosophy in its last results; and the publication of these articles in popular form is most timely. S.

Hereward, CHARLES KINGSLEY's last novel, sends a flash of light into the old Saxon times which preceded the Norman civilization in England. Its pictures of the half-savage manners and customs are bold and perfectly stereoscopic.

Herman; or, Young Knighthood, by E. FOXTON, is republished by Lee & Shepard, which will be remembered by those who read it as a serial in the "National Era," as containing chapters of most thrilling interest and unsurpassed power of description. It gives pictures of Southern society and Southern prisons, whose truthfulness has been verified by the war.

The Christian Register comes out in brave attire, — its columns richly and variously filled, its spirit earnest and catholic, putting at rest the question as to a denominational Organ for the Christians called Unitarian. Indeed, what with Radicals and Examiners and Inquirers and Monthly Journals, would it not be unreasonable for those who love and claim the name "Unitarian," to ask for any more voices? E.

Sermons for Children. By Rev. A. P. PEABODY. Boston: American Unitarian Association. Walker, Fuller, & Co. New York: James Miller. 1866.

Sermons for children are much in request in the summer time, when families are planted in places which are remote from houses of worship, and parents desire to maintain a church service at home. This little volume will be found exceedingly useful for this and kindred occasions. The discourses are simple and devout and edifying. E.

Massachusetts Ecclesiastical Law. By EDWARD BUCK. Of the Suffolk Bar. Boston: Gould & Lincoln, 59, Washington Street.

An admirable compend of the law regulating the order of the construction and destruction, the progress and decline, the usages and disusages, of Christian churches in our Commonwealth. E.

The Lord's Supper, and its Observance. By LUCRETIA P. HALE. Author of "Seven Stormy Sundays," &c. Boston: Walker, Fuller, & Co. 1866.

Miss Hale has prepared a manual which will be very acceptable to pastors and Sunday-school teachers, and will, we hope, help to bring many young people and adults into the communion of the visible Church. It is a book which has been much needed. Earnest, positive, healthy, catholic, it speaks to the condition of our religious times, without any unmeet conformity to destructive tendencies.

E.

The Elements of Moral Science. By FRANCIS WAYLAND, D.D., LL.D. Revised and improved edition. Boston: Gould & Lincoln.

This work of Dr. Wayland is the most elaborate of his productions. It was first published twenty years since; has been revised and re-revised; and the present edition has the latest touches of his master-hand, the preface of the revised edition bearing date August, 1865. Some chapters have been modified, and a few wholly re-written. It has long been a standard work on Theoretical and Practical Ethics, and there is none that can supersede it. Its teachings are humane and radical, and yet conservative in the best sense of the word, appealing to the moral sense, yet recognizing fully the need of revelation to enlighten and guide it. It is the last legacy of a great and good man who has left the impress of his mind on the generation that comes after him.

S.

BOOKS OF POETRY.

William V. Spencer publishes *Thomas à Becket, and Other Poems*, by G. H. HOLLISTER. The volume has good poetry. The tragedy is for the stage, and depicts the conflict between the priesthood and the civil power in the times of Henry II. The longest of the "other poems" is "The Phantom Ship," which embodies a legend of Puritan times, narrated as fact in some of the old New-England Chronicles. It is finely told by Mr. Hollister. The "Girlhood of Esther Vane," who is made the heroine of the story, is very beautifully described:—

"From the deep fountain of a heart that loves
Not one, but all, her nature bubbled up
And fell around her in a shower of joy.
Swift fled the summers; the wild strawberry,

Staining her fingers with its ruddy kiss,
 Saw Esther and the lilies in one group
 Stooing together, as the breath of June
 Ruffled the meadow grass; and, like the fruit
 And like the flower, the fragrance of her heart
 Flew to the pines and cedars, where the birds
 Caught it, and warbled it among the boughs."

Grondalla, by IDAMORE, is a romance in verse, published by Gould & Lincoln. It was read in manuscript, and highly commended by the late Park Benjamin, who said of it, "I esteem it a great pity that such a poem should not see the light. The light always reflects well from diamonds. I prognosticate its success. I think it as interesting in narrative as Tennyson's late poems, 'Enoch Arden' and others, which I have just read." It has fine passages, but we cannot verify this high praise. s.

CHILDREN'S BOOKS.

Walker & Fuller give us another of the excellent series, — *Spectacles for Young Eyes*. In the present volume the youthful reader is permitted to look upon Rome, and get a familiar introduction to its curiosities and wonders within and around. — Taggard & Thompson give us *Martin and Nelly*, *Martin on the Mountain*, and *Martin the Miller*. — T. H. Carter & Co. publish *The Morning Ride*, and *The Schoolmate*, just printed in the New-Church Magazine for Children. They are pleasant stories for the little folks, written by Mrs. C. T. PERRY, of course in the spirit of the New Church.

Lee & Shepard publish *Fighting Joe*, giving the experience of a staff-officer in the most stirring scenes of the war. The heroism of Hooker appeals wonderfully to the patriotism of the young heroes that are to be. s.

The Right Way, by GEO. L. STEARNS, is a weekly, which advocates earnestly and ably the right way of reconstruction. It is a true and fast friend of the Freedmen. Fifty-six thousand copies are distributed weekly. We wish it universal circulation.

What do Unitarians believe? by S. J. MAY, is a reprint of a tract which has been called for, in which Brother May unfolds the somewhat variegated Unitarian faith, in his clear way of putting things.

☞ Several articles omitted in this number, for want of room, will appear in the next.